Love Letters
FROM A
NOBLE MAN
TO HIS
SISTER:
Mixt With the
HISTORY
OF THEIR
ADVENTURES.

The Second Part by the ſame Hand.

LONDON,
Printed for *A. B.* 1685.

B L

TO

Lemuel Kingdon, *Esq*;

SIR,

I Beg you will give me leave to expreſs my gratitude in ſome meaſure, for the favours I have receiv'd of you, and to make an acknowledgment where I cannot pay a debt. 'Tis only what was long ſince deſign'd you, when poſſibly it might have found ſomething a better wellcome, by its having made (as then it muſt have done) a voyage to have kiſt your hands, and might perhaps then have contributed in

ſome ſmall degree to your diverſion, in a place where there is found ſo little — In order to it I ſent you the firſt part by one of your Officers, of which this is a continuation. But being oblig'd to lay it by for other more material buſineſs, it has had the misfortune not to approach you till now; and to which honour it has nothing to intitle it, but that of bearing your Name before it, which will put a value upon it to the World. And ſince I never was of a nature to hord any good to my peculiar uſe, 'tis with great ſatisfaction I am, by this ſhort character of you, diſtributing a bleſſing to that part of Mankind who have not that of knowing you. For there is an unſpeakable pow'r and pleaſure in obliging, and 'tis a pain to the good natur'd to conceal any thing, whoſe communication may gratify the world, and I am uneaſie when a good man is not as well under-

understood by every body as by myself, and I boast that honour here, with more vanity than of any other happyness. Tho I know, I shall be censur'd by your lovers for saying so little where so much is due: But since I write to the number that do not know you, rather than those that do, this will at least suffice to shew how fine a thing man can be, so qualify'd and set out by nature for eternal esteem. For, Sir, there is in you something, besides the common vertues of your Sex, so ingaging, some Art in Nature so peculiar to your self, so insinuating into the soul, that there is not found any thing so dull in Humankind as not to love Honour and value you: Nor is that man born that is your Enemy, no not even amongst those Phanatical dispositions, whose principles and opinions are so distant from those Honest and Generous

ones of yours; at leaſt they love the Man tho they raile at his notions, eſteem the perſon tho they abominate the loyalliſt; nor can I reflect on the excellency of your temper, but I think you born to put the ill natur'd world in to good Humour. You are all ways eaſie without affectation, merry without extravigance, generous, liberal, and good without vanity, ſedate and even without conſtraint, cheerful and calme as innocence, tho the World ſtorm and reel with mad confuſion, ſtill from the ſerenity of your looks we read the fair weather in your mind, which times or ſeaſons can never diſcompoſe, while all goes well with your King and Country. You have a greatneſs of Soul which it ſeemes as if fate durſt not oppreſs, and he who is ſo truly magnificent within, needs not trouble the World for elbow room, and who is ambitions of more

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than you poſſeſs, does but purchaſe an empty name at the expence of his repoſe and ſenſe, and leſſens his Glory by equalling it to a Title. The Sun at noon is no wonder, but to ſee as great an Illumination in a Star, tho of the firſt magnitude, we gaze at with admiration. Title (that trifle which you can command when you pleaſe, and which 'tis far greater to merit than to wear,) ſerves rather to render vice more apparent than to elivate the vertues. Heav'n has made you more truly happy, and has ſet no bleſſing at too vaſt a diſtance for your reach; but has ſubdued even all your wiſhes to your pow'r, and left you almoſt nothing to ask: having ſuted your fame and fortune to the greatneſs of your mind.

How ſoon at the choice of the moſt glorious Senate, that ever bleſt the Land, was your vallu'd name ſnatch'd

by every glad and giving voice, and made the Muſick of the happy day, when black excluſioners were juſtly damn'd from the field, and only ſuch untainted Supporters of the Royal cauſe, thought worthy to bear apart in ſo glorious a Concerne, as Giving *Cæſar* his due *! Here, Sir, you appear'd in your proper ſphere diſperſing that darling vertue of your Soul, laviſhly giving, generouſly diſpoſing and dealing out according to your mighty mind, and had the glory even of obliging a Monarch, than which nothing could be a greater ſatisfaction to you. But, Sir, you do all things with a perfect good grace, and even buſineſs, that toyle of Life, you render ſoft and eaſie, and as if you alone were created to manage the concernes of the World you make buſineſs your pleaſure and diverſion, and laugh at thoſe that fat gue them ſelves with mighty affairs,*

affairs, and who assume like Trincilo, *a dull Gravity, to be esteem'd great, wise, and busie, while you discover only the best and noblest part of business, the effects of it, the rest, the Gentleman so handsomly conceals, we perceive it no more than Fairy Huswifry, which is still acted in the shades and silence of the night, when Mortals are a sleep, and who find all fair and clean in the morning, but cannot guess at the invisible hand that did it. I am so good a subject that I wish all his Majesties work done by such hands, heads and heart, so effectual and so faithful, and than we shall fear no more Rebellions, but every man shall bask securely under his own Vine, that has one.—For my part I have only escap'd fleaing by the Rebels to starve more securely in my own native Province of* Poetry, *tho I am as well pleas'd at our late Victory, and*

the Growing Glories of my King, as he that has got a Commiſſion by it, if I may have this happyneſs added to it, of ſtill retaining the Honour of your friendſhip, and be ſtill number'd in the Crowd of

SIR,

Your moſt Oblig'd
humble Servant,

A. B.

LETTERS FROM A NOBLE MAN TO HIS SISTER:

The Second Part by the ſame Hand.

The ARGUMENT.

AT the end of the firſt Part of theſe Letters, we left *Philander* impatiently waiting on the Sea ſhore for the approach of the lovely *Silvia*; who accordingly came to him

dreſt like a youth, to ſecure her ſelf from a diſcovery. They ſtaid not long to careſs each other, but he taking the welcome Maid in his Arms, with a tranſported joy bore her to a ſmall Veſſel, that lay ready near the *Beach*; where with only *Brilljard* and two Men Servants, they put to Sea, and paſt into *Holland*, landing at the neareſt Port; where after having refreſht themſelves for two or three days, they paſt forward towards the *Brill*. *Silvia* ſtill remaining under that amiable diſguiſe; but in their paſſage from Town to Town, which is ſometimes by Coach, and other times by Boat, they chanc'd one day to incounter a young *Hollander* of a more than Ordinary Gallantry, (for that Country ſo degenerate from good manners and almoſt common Civility,

and ſo far ſhort of all the good qualities that made themſelves appear in this young Noble Man. He was very hanſom, well made, well dreſt, and very well attended; and whom we will call *Octavio*, and who, young as he was, was one of the States of *Holland*; he ſpoke admirable good French, and had a vivacity and quickneſs of Wit unuſual with the Natives of that part of the World, and almoſt above all the reſt of his Sex: *Philander* and *Silvia* having already agreed for the Cabin of the Veſſel that was to carry them to the next Stage, *Octavio* came too late to have any place there but amongſt the common crow'd; which the Maſter of the Veſſel, who knew him was much troubl'd at, and addreſt himſelf as civilly as he cou'd to *Philander* to beg permiſſion for one Stranger of quality

to diſpoſe of himſelf in the Cabin for that day: *Phillander* being well enough pleas'd, ſo to make an acquaintance with ſome of power of that Country, readily conſented, and *Octavia* enter'd with an addreſs ſo graceful and obliging, that at firſt ſight he inclin'd *Phillanders* heart to a friendſhip with him, and on the other ſide the lovely perſon of *Phillander*, the quality that appear'd in his face and mein oblig'd *Octavio* to become no leſs his admirer. But when he ſaluted *Silvia*, who appear'd to him a youth of quality, he was extreamly charm'd with her pretty gayety, and an unuſual Air and life in her addreſs and motion, he felt a ſecret joy and pleaſure play about his Soul he knew not why; And was almoſt angry that he felt ſuch an emotion for a youth, tho the moſt lovely that he ever

ver ſaw: After the firſt compliments, they fell into diſcourſe of a thouſand indifferent things; and if he were pleas'd at firſt ſight with the two Lovers, he was wholly charm'd by their converſation; eſpecially that of the amiable youth; who well enough pleas'd with the young Stranger, or elſe hitherto having met nothing ſo accompliſht in her ſhort Travels, and indeed deſpairing to meet any ſuch; ſhe put on all her gayety and charms of Wit, and made as abſolute a Conqueſt as 'twas poſſible for her ſuppos'd Sex to do over a man, who was a great admirer of the other; and ſurely the lovely Maid never appear'd ſo charming and deſirable as that day; they din'd together in the Cabin, and after dinner repos'd on little Matreſſes by each others ſide, where every motion, every

Limb as careleſsly ſhe lay, diſcover'd a thouſand Graces and more and more inflam'd the now beginning Lover; ſhe cou'd not move, nor ſmile, nor ſpeak, nor order any charm about her, but had ſome peculiar Grace that begun to make him uneaſie; and from a thouſand little Modeſties both in her bluſhes and motions he had a ſecret hope ſhe was not what ſhe ſeem'd, but of that Sex whereof ſhe diſcover'd ſo many ſoftneſſes and beauties; tho to what advantage that hope wou'd amount to his repoſe, was yet a diſquiet he had not conſider'd nor felt: Nor cou'd he by any fondneſs between them or indiſcretion of love, conceive how the lovely Strangers were alied; he only hop'd, and had no thoughts of fear, or any thing that cou'd check his new beginning

ning flame. While thus they paſt the after-noon, they ask'd a thouſand queſtions. Our Lovers of the Country and manners, and their ſecurity and civility to Strangers; to all which *Octavio* anſwer'd as a man, who wou'd recommend the place and perſons purely to oblige their ſtay; for now ſelf intereſt makes him ſay all things in favour of it; and of his own friendſhip, offers them all the ſervice of a Man of power, and who cou'd make an intereſt in thoſe that had more than himſelf; much he proteſted, much he offer'd, and yet no more than he deſign'd to make good on all occaſions, which they receiv'd with an acknowledgment, that plainly diſcover'd a generoſity and quality above the common rate of Men; ſo that finding in each other occaſions for Love and friendſhip,

they mutually profeſt it, and nobly entertain'd it. *Octavio* told his Name and quality, left nothing unſaid that might confirm the Lovers of his ſincerity. This begot a confidence in *Philander*, who in return told him ſo much of his Circumſtances as ſuffic'd to let him know he was a perſon ſo unfortunate to have occaſion'd the diſpleaſure of his King againſt him, and that he cou'd not continue with any repoſe in that Kingdom, whoſe Monarch thought him no longer fit for thoſe honours he had before receiv'd; *Octavio* renew'd his proteſtations of ſerving him, with his intereſt and fortune, which the other receiving with all the Gallant modeſty of an unfortunate Man, they came a ſhore where *Octavio*'s Coaches and Equipage waiting his coming to conduct him to his houſe, he offer'd his new friends the beſt

of

of 'em to carry them to their lodging, which he had often preſt might be his own Pallace, but that being refus'd as too great an honour, he wou'd himſelf ſee them plac'd in ſome one, which he thought might be moſt ſutable to their quality; they excus'd the trouble, but he preſt too eagerly to be deny'd, and he conducted them to a Merchants houſe not far from his own, ſo Love had contriv'd for the better management of this new affair of his heart, which he reſolv'd to perſue, be the fair object of what ſex ſoever; but after having well enough recomended em to the care of the Merchant he thought it juſtice to leave em to their reſt, tho with abundance of reluctancy. So took his leave of both the Lovely Strangers and went to his own home: and after

a haſty ſupper got himſelf put to bed : not to ſleep ; for now he had other buſineſs : Love took him now to task, and ask'd his heart a thouſand queſtions. Then 'twas he found the Idea of that fair unknown had abſolute poſſeſſion there : Nor was he at all diſpleas'd to find he was a captive ; his youth and quality promiſe his hopes, a thouſand advantages above all other men : but when he reflected on the Beauty of *Philander*, on his Charming youth and Converſation, and every Grace that adorns a Conqueror, he grew inflam'd, diſorderd, reſtleſs, angry, and out of Love with his own attractions ; conſider'd every Beauty of his own perſon and found 'em, or at leaſt thought 'em infinitly ſhort of thoſe of his now Fancy'd Rival, yet 'twas a Rival that he cou'd not hate nor did his

paſſion

paſſion abate one thought of his Friendſhip for *Phillander*, but rather more increas'd it, inſomuch that he once reſolv'd it ſhou'd ſurmount his Love if poſſible, at leaſt he left it on the upper hand, till time ſhou'd make a better dicovery. When tir'd with thought we'l ſuppoſe him a ſleep, and ſee how our Lovers far'd. Who being lodg'd all on one Stair Caſe (that is *Phillander*, *Silvia*, and *Brilljard*) it was not hard for the Lover to ſteal into the longing Arms of the expecting *Silvia*; no fatigues of tedious journeys and little voyages had abated her fondneſs or his vigour, the night was like the firſt, all joy! all tranſport! *Briljard* lay ſo near as to be a witneſs to all their ſighs of Love, and little ſoft murmurs, who now began from a ſervant to be permitted as an humble com-

panion

panion ; ſince he had had the Honour of being marry'd to *Silvia*, tho yet he durſt not lift his eyes or thoughts that way : yet it might be perceiv'd he was melancholy and ſullen , when e're he ſaw their daliances , nor cou'd he know the joys his Lord nightly ſtole , without an impatience , which if but minded or known perhaps had coſt him his life : he began from the thoughts ſhe was his wife , to fancy fine injoyment , to fancy Authority which he durſt not aſume. And often wiſht his Lord woud grow cold as poſſeſſing Lovers do ; that then he might advance his hope, when he ſhou'd ever abandon or ſlight her : he cou'd not ſee her kiſt without bluſhing with reſentment , but if he has aſſiſted to undreſs him for her bed , he was ready to dy with

with anger, and wou'd grow ſick and leave the office to himſelf, he cou'd not ſee her naked charmes, her armes ſtreatcht out to receive a Lover with impatient joy without madneſs. To ſee her claſp him faſt when he threw himſelf into her ſoft white boſom, and ſmother him with kiſſes: No, he cou'd not bear it now, and almoſt loſt his reſpect when he beheld it, and grew ſawcy unperceiv'd. And 'twas in vain that he look'd back upon the reward he had to ſtand for that neceſſary Cypher a Husband, in vain he conſider'd the reaſons why, and the occaſion wherefore; he now ſeeks for preſidents of uſurp'd dominion, and thinks ſhe is his Wife, and has forgot that he's her creature, and *Phillanders* Vaſſal. Theſe thoughts diſturb'd him all the night, and

a certain jealouſie, or rather curioſity to liſten to every motion of the Lovers, While they were imploy'd after a different manner.

Next day it was debated what was beſt to be done as to their conduct in that place: or whether *Silvia* ſhou'd yet own her Sex or not, but ſhe pleas'd with the Cavalier in her ſelf: beg'd ſhe might live under that diſguiſe. Which indeed gave her a thouſand charmes to thoſe which nature had already beſtow'd on her Sex, and *Philander* was well enough pleas'd ſhe ſhou'd continue in that agreable dreſs, which did not only add to her beauty, but gave her a thouſand little Priviledges, which otherwiſe woud have been deny'd to Women. Tho in a Country of much Freedom. Every day ſhe apear'd in the Toure, ſhe fail'd not

not to make a conqueſt on ſome unguarded heart of the fair Sex, nor was it long ere ſhe receiv'd *Billet Deux* from moſt of the moſt accompliſh'd who coud ſpeak and write *French.* This gave them a pleaſure in midſt of their unlucky exile; and ſhe fail'd not to boaſt her conqueſts to *Octavio*, who every day gave all his hours to Love, under the diſguiſe of Friendſhip, and every day receiv'd new wounds, both from her converſation and beauty, and every day confirm'd him more in his firſt belief, that ſhe was a Woman: and that confirm'd his Love. But ſtill he took care to hid his paſſion with a gallantry that was natural to him, and to very few beſides; and he manag'd his eyes, which were always full of Love ſo equally to both, that when he was ſoft and fond it appear'd

appear'd more his natural humour than from any particuler cauſe, and that you may believe that all the arts of gallantry, and graces of good managment were more peculiarly his, than anothers, his Race was illuſtrious, being deſcended, from that of the Princes of *Orange*, and great birth will ſhine through, and ſhew it ſelf in ſpight of education and obſcurity, but *Octavio* had all thoſe additions that render a man truly great and brave, and this is the character of him that was next undone by our unfortunate and fatal Beauty. At this rate for ſometime they liv'd thus diſguis'd under feign'd names. *Octavio* omitting nothing that might oblige 'em in the higheſt degree, and hardly any thing was talk'd of but the new and beautiful Strangers; whoſe conqueſt in all places over the

the Ladys are well worthy, both for their rarity and comody to be related intirely by themselves in a Novel. *Octavio* every day saw with abundance of pleasure the little revenges of Love on those Womens hearts who had made before little conquests over him, and strove by all the gay presents he made young *Fillmond* (for so they call'd *Silvia*,) to make him appear unresistable to the Ladies, and while *Silvia* gave them new wounds, *Octavio* fail'd not to receive 'em too among the crow'd, till at last he became a confirm'd slave to the lovely unknown; and that which was yet more strange she captivated the Men no less than the Women, who often gave her *Serinades* under her Window with Songs fitted to the Courtship of a Boy, all which added to their

their diverſion; but fortune had ſmil'd long enough and now grew weary of obliging, ſhe was reſolved to undeceive both Sexes and let 'em ſee the Errors of their love; for *Silvia* fell into a Feaver ſo violent that *Phillander* no longer hop'd for her recovery, inſo much that ſhe was oblig'd to own her Sex and take Women Servants out of decency, this made the firſt diſcovery of who and what they were, and for which every body languiſht under a ſecret grief. But *Octavio* who now was not only confirm'd ſhe was a Woman, but that ſhe was neither wife to *Phillander*, nor cou'd in almoſt all poſſibility ever be ſo: That ſhe was his Miſtreſs, gave him hope that ſhe might one day as well be conquer'd by him; and he found her youth, her Beauty, and her quality, merited all his pains of laviſh

viſh Courtſhip: And now there remains no more than the fear of her dying to oblige him immediately to a diſcovery of his paſſion, too violent now by his new hope to be longer conceal'd, but decency forbids he ſhou'd now perſue the dear deſign; he waited and made Vows for her recovery; viſited her and found *Phillander* the moſt deplorable object that deſpair and love cou'd render him, who lay eternally weeping on her bed, and no Counſel or perſwaſion cou'd remove him thence; but if by chance they made him ſenſible 'twas for her repoſe, he wou'd depart to eaſe his mind by new torments, he wou'd rave and tear his delicate hair, ſigh and weep upon *Octavio*'s boſome, and a thouſand times begin to unfold the ſtory already known to th'a generou

generous Rival; deſpair, and hopes of pitty from him, made him utter all; and one day, when by the advice of the Phyſitian he was forc'd to quit the Chamber to give her reſt, he carried *Octavio* to his own, and told him from the beginning all the ſtory of his Love with the charming *Silvia*; and with it all the ſtory of his Fate: *Octavio* ſighing (tho glad of the opportunity) told him his affairs were already but too well known, and that he fear'd his ſafety from that diſcovery, ſince the States had oblig'd themſelves to harbour no declar'd Enemy to the French King: At this news our young unfortunate ſhew'd a reſentment that was ſo moving, that even *Octavio*, who felt a ſecret joy at the thoughts if his departure, cou'd no longer refrain from pity and tenderneſs,

even

even to a wiſh that he were leſs unhappy and never to part from *Silvia*; but ſoon love grew again triumphant in his heart, and all he cou'd ſay was that he wou'd afford him the aids of all his power in this incounter, which with the acknowledgments of a Lover, whoſe life depended on it, he receiv'd and parted with him, who went to learn what was decreed in Councel concerning him. While *Philander* return'd to *Silvia* the moſt dejected Lover that ever Fate produc'd; where he had not ſigh'd away above an hour but he receiv'd a Billet by *Octavio's* Page from his Lord; he went to his own apartment to read it, fearing it might contain ſomething too ſad for him to be able to hold his temper at the reading of, and which wou'd infallibly have diſturb'd the repoſe of *Silvia*, who

ſhar'd

ſhar'd in every cruel thought of *Phillanders*; when he was alone he open'd it, and read this.

Octavio *to* Phillander.

My Lord,

I Had rather dy then be the ungrateful meſſenger of news, which I am ſenſible will prove ſo fatal to you, and which will be beſt expreſt in feweſt words, 'tis decreed, that you muſt retire from the United Provinces in Four and Twenty hours, if you will ſave a life that is dear to me and *Silvia*, there being no other ſecurity againſt your being render'd up to the King of *France*. Support it well, and hope all things from the aſſiſtance of,

From the Council Wedneſday. *Your* Octavio.

Phillander

Phillander having finiſht the reading of this, remain'd a while wholly without life or motion, when coming to himſelf he ſigh'd and cryd, — Why— farewel triſling life —— If of the two extreames one muſt be choſen, rather then I'le abandon *Silvia*, I'le ſtay and be deliver'd up a Victim to incenſed *France* —— 'Tis but a life —— At beſt I never Vallu'd thee —— And now I ſcorn to preſerve thee at the Price of *Silvias* teares! Then taking a haſty turn or two about his chamber, he pawſing cryd —— But by my ſtay I ruine both *Silvia* and my ſelf, her life depends on mine, and 'tis impoſſible hers can be preſerv'd when mine is in danger, by retiring I ſhall ſhortly again be bleſt with her ſight in a more ſafe ſecurity; by ſtaying I reſign my ſelf poor-

ly to be made a publick ſcorn to *France*, and the cruell Murderer of *Silvia*; now 'twas, after an hundred turns and pawſes intermixt which ſighs and raveings, that he reſolv'd for both their ſafeties to retire, and having a while longer debated within himſelf how and where; and a little time ruminated on his hard perſuing fate, grown to a calm of grief (leſs eaſy to be born than rage) he haſtes to *Silvia*, whom he ſound ſomething more cheerful than before, but dares not aquaint her with the commands he had to depart —— But ſilently he views her, while teares of Love and grief glide unperceivably fram his fine eyes, his ſoul grows tenderer at every look, and pity and compaſſion joyning to his Love, and his deſpairs, ſet him on the wrack of Life, and

now

and now believing it leſs pain to dy than to leave *Silvia*; reſolves to diſobey and dare the worſt that ſhall befall him, he yet had ſome glimmering hope, as Lovers have, that ſome kind chance will prevent his going or being deliver'd up, he truſts much to the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, whoſe power joyn'd with that of his Unkle. (Who was one of the States alſo, and whom he had an aſcendant over, as his Nephew and his heir,) might ſerve him; he therefore ventures to move him to compaſſion, by this following Letter.

Phillander *to* Octavio.

I Know, my Lord, that the Exerciſe of Vertue and Juſtice is ſo innate to your ſoul, and ſo fixt to the very Principle of a generous Common wealths man, that

where thoſe are in competition 'tis neither birth, wealth, or Glorious merit, that can render the unfortunate condemn'd by you, worthy of your pity or pardon: your very Sons and fathers fall before your juſtice, and 'tis crime enough to offend, (tho innocently,) the leaſt of your wholſom laws, to fall under the extremity of their rigor. I am not ignorant neither how flouriſhing this neceſſary Tyranny, this lawful oppreſſion, renders your State; howſafe and glorious; how ſecure from Enemies at home, (thoſe worſt of foes) and how fear'd by thoſe abroad; purſue then, Sir, your juſtifiable method, and ſtill be high and mighty, retain your ancient Roman vertue, and ſtill be great as *Rome* her ſelf in her height of glorious Commonwealths; rule your ſtubborn Natives by her excellent exam-

examples,and let the height ofyour ambition be only to be as ſeverely juſt,as rigidly good as you pleaſe, but like her too, be pitiful to Strangers, and diſpence a Noble Charity to the diſtreſs'd, compaſſionate a poor wandring young Man, who flies to you for refuge, loſt to his Native home, loſt to his fame, his fortune, and his Friends; and has only left him the knowledge of his innocence to ſupport him from falling on his own Sword, to end an unfortunate life, perſu'd every where, and ſafe no where, a Life whoſe only refuge is *Octavio*'s goodneſs, nor is it barely to preſerve this life, that I have recourſe to that only as my Sanctuary, and like an humble Slave implore your pity: Oh, *Octavio* pity my Youth; and interceed for my ſtay yet a little longer, Your ſelf

makes one of the illuſtrious Number of the Grave, the Wiſe, and mighty Councel, your Unkle and Relations make up another conſiderable part of it, and you are too dear to all, to find a refuſal of your juſt and compaſſionate application. Oh! what fault have I committed againſt you, that I ſhou'd not find a ſafety here, as well as thoſe charg'd with the ſame Crime with me, thò of leſs quality? Many I have incounter'd here of our unlucky party, who find a ſafety among you; is my birth a Crime? Or does the greatneſs of that augment my guilt? Have I broken any of your Laws, committed any outrage? Do they ſuſpect me for a ſpie to *France*? Or do I hold any Corriſpondence with that ungrateful Nation? Does my Religion, Principle, or Opinion differ from yours? Can I

deſign

deſign the ſubverſion of your Glorious State? Can I plot, cabal, or mutiny alone? Oh charge me with ſome offence, or your ſelves of injuſtice. Say, why I am deny'd my length of earth amongſt you, if I dy? Or why to breath the open Air, if I live, ſince I ſhall neither oppreſs the one, nor infect the other; but on the contrary am ready with my ſword, my youth, and Blood to ſerve you, and bring my little aids on all occaſions to yours: and ſhou'd be proud of the Glory to dy for you in Battle, who wou'd deliver me up a Sacrifice to *France*. Oh! where *Octavio* is the glory or vertue of this *Punctilio*, for 'tis no other? There are no Laws that bind you to it, no obligatory Article of Nations, but an unneceſſary complyment made a *nemini contradicente* of your Senate, that argues nothing

but ill nature, and cannot redound to any one advantage. An Ill nature that's levell'd at me alone; for many I found here, and many ſhall leave under the ſame circumſtances with me; 'tis only me whom you have mark'd out the victime to atone for all: Well then, my Lord, if nothing can move you to a ſafety for this unfortunate, at leaſt be ſo mercyful to ſuſpend your cruelty a little, yet a little, and poſſible I ſhall render you the body of *Phillander*, tho dead, to ſend into *France*, as the trophy of your fidellity to that Crown: Oh yet a little ſtay your cruel ſentence, till my lovely Siſter, who perſu'd my hard fortunes, declare my Fate by her life or death; Oh my Lord, if ever the ſoft paſſion of Love have touch'd your ſoul, if you have felt the unreſiſtable force of young charms about your heart,

if

if ever you have known a pain and pleaſure from fair eyes, or the tranſporting Joyes of Beauty, Pity a youth undone by Love and ambition, thoſe powerful conquerours of the young. —— Pity, oh Pity, a youth that dies, and will ere long no more complain upon your Rigours. Yes, my Lord, he dies without the force of a terrifying Sentence, without the grim reproaches of an angry Judg, without the ſoon conſulted Arbitrary—— Guilty! of a ſevere and haſty Jury, without the ceremony of the Scaffol'd, Ax, and Hang man, and the clamours of inconſidering Crowds. All which melancholy ceremonies render death ſo terrible, which elſe wou'd fall like gentle ſlumbers upon the eye-lids. And which in field I wou'd incounter with that joy I wou'd the ſacred thing I Love! But oh,

I fear my fate is in the lovely *Silvia*, and in her dying eyes you may read it, in her languiſhing face you'le ſee how near it is aproacht. Ah! will you not ſuffer me to attend it there? by her dear ſide I ſhall fall as calmly as ſlowers from their ſtalks, without regret or pain: Will you by forcing me to dy from her, run me to a madneſs? To wild diſtraction? Oh think it ſufficient that I dy here before half my race of youth be run, before the light be half burnt out, that might have conducted me to a world of Glory! Alas, ſhe dies —— The Lovely *Silvia* dies, ſhe is ſighing out a ſoul to which mine is ſo intirely fixt, that they muſt go upward together. Yes, yes, ſhe breaths it ſick into my boſom, and kindly gives mine its diſeaſe of death; let us at leaſt then dy

in

in ſilent, quitted; and if it pleaſe Heaven to reſtore the languiſh'd Charmer, I will reſign my ſelf up to all your Rigorous honour, only let me bear my treaſure with me, while we wander o're the world to ſeek us out a ſafety in ſome part of it, where pity and compaſſion is no crime. Where men have tender hearts, and have heard of the God of Love; where Politicks are not all the buſineſs of the powerful, but where civillity and good nature reign.

Perhaps, my Lord, you'l wonder I plead no weightier Argument for my ſtay than Love, or the griefs and tears of a languiſhing Maid: But oh! they are ſuch tears as every drop wou'd ranſom lives, and nothing that proceeds from her charming eyes can be valu'd at a leſs rate! In Pity to her, to me, and your Amo-

rous youths, let me bear her hence. For ſhou'd ſhe look abroad as her own Sex, ſhou'd ſhe appear in her natural and proper beauty, alas they were undone. Reproach not (my Lord) the weakneſs of this confeſſion, and which I make with more Glory than cou'd I boaſt my ſelf Lord of all the Univerſe: if it appear a fault to the more grave and wiſe, I hope my youth will plead ſomething for my excuſe. Oh ſay, at leaſt, 'twas Pity that Love had the aſcendant over *Phillanders* ſoul, ſay 'twas his Deſtiny, but ſay withal, that it put no ſtop to his advance to Glory; rather it ſet an edg upon his Sword, and gave wings to his ambition! — Yes, try me in your Councells, prove me in your Camps, place me in any hazard —— But give me Love! and leave to wait the life or death

death of *Silvia*, and then diſpoſe as you pleaſe,

My Lord

Of Your unfortunate, Philander.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord,

I Am much concern'd that a Requeſt ſo reaſonable as you have made, will be of ſo little force with theſe arbitrary Tyrants of State, and tho you have addreſt and appeal'd to me as one of that grave and rigid number, (tho without one grain of their formalities, and I hope age, which renders us leſs Gallant, and more envious of the joys and liberties of youth

youth, will never reduce me to ſo dull and thoughtleſs a member of State) yet I have ſo ſmall and ſingle a portion of their power, that I am aſham'd of my incapacity of ſerving you in this great affair. I bear the Honour and the name 'tis true, of Glorious ſway; but I can boaſt but of the worſt and moſt impotent part of it, the Title only; but the buſie, abſolute, miſchievious Politician, finds no room in my Soul, my humour, or conſtitution: And Ploding reſtleſs power I have made ſo little the buſineſs of my gayer, and more careleſs youth, that I have even loſt my right of rule, my ſhare of Empire amongſt them. That little power (whoſe unregarded loſſe I never bemoan'd till it render'd me uncapable of ſerving *Phillander*,) I have ſtretch'd to the utmoſt bound for your ſtay; inſomuch that

that I have receiv'd many reproaches from the wiſer Coxcombs; have had my youths little debauches hinted on, and Judgments made of you (diſadvantagious) from my Friendſhip to you; a Friendſhip, which, my Lord, at firſt ſight of you, found a being in my ſoul, and which your wit, your goodneſs, your greatneſs, and your misfortunes has improv'd to all the degrees of it: Tho I am infinitey unhappy that it proves of no uſe to you here, and that the greateſt teſtimony I can now render of it, is to warn you of your aproaching danger. And haſten your departure, for there is no ſafety in your ſtay. I juſt now heard what was decreed againſt you in councel, which no pleading nor Eloquence of Friendſhip had force enough to evade. Alaſs, I had but one ſingle voyce in the number, which

which I ſullenly and ſingly gave, and which unregarded paſt. Go then, my Lord, haſte to ſome place where good breeding and humanity reigns. Go and preſerve *Silvia*, in providing for your own ſafety; and believe me, till ſhe be in a Condition to perſue your Fortunes, I will take ſuch care that nothing ſhall be wanting, either to recovery here, in order to her following after you. I am, alas but too ſenſible of all the pains you muſt indure by ſuch a ſeparation, for I am neither inſenſible, nor uncapable of love, or any of its violent effects: Go then, my Lord, and preſerve the lovely Maid in your flight, ſince your ſtay and danger will ſerve but to haſten on her death: Go, and be ſatisfied ſhe ſhall find a protection ſutable to her

her Sex, her innocence, her Beauty, and her quality, and that where-ever you fix your ſtay, ſhe ſhall be reſign'd to your Arms by my Lord,

Your Eternal Friend
and humble Servant,
Octavio.

Leaſt in this ſudden remove you ſhou'd want Mony, I have ſent you ſeveral Bills of Exchange to what place ſoever you arrive, and what you want more (make no ſcruple to uſe me as a friend) and command.

After this Letter, finding no hopes; but on the contrary a dire neceſſity of departing, he told *Briljard* his misfortune, and ask'd his Counſel in this extremity of affairs. *Brilljard* (who of a Servant was become

a Rival) you may believe, gave him ſuch advice as might remove him from the object he ador'd. But after a great deal of diſſembl'd trouble, the better to hide his joy, he gave his advice for his going with all the arguments that appear'd reaſonable enough to *Phillander*. And at every period urg'd that his life being dear to *Silvia*, and on which hers ſo immediately depended, he ought no longer to debate but haſte his flight, to all which councell our Amorous *Hero*, with a ſoul ready to make its way thro' his trembling body, gave a ſighing unwilling aſſent. 'Twas now no longer a diſpute, but was concluded he muſt go, but how was only the queſtion. How ſhou'd he take his farewel, how ſhou'd he bid adieu, and leave the dear object of his ſoul in an eſtate to hazardous,

he

he form'd a thouſand ſad Ideas to torment himſelf with; fancying he ſhou'd never ſee her more, that he ſhou'd hear that ſhe was dead, tho now ſhe appear'd on this ſide of the Grave, and had all the ſigns of a declining diſeaſe. He fancy'd abſence might make her cold and abate her paſſion to him, that her powerful beauty might attract adorers, and ſhe being but a Woman, and no part Angel, but her form, 'twas not expected ſhe ſhou'd want her Sexes frailties. Now he cou'd conſider how he had won her, how by importunity and opportunity ſhe had at laſt yielded to him, and therefore might to ſome new Gamſter, when he was not by to keep her heart in continual play: Then 'twas that all the deſpair of jealous love, the throbs and piercing of a violent paſſion ſeiz'd his timorous and tender

tender heart, he fancy'd her already in ſome new Lovers Arms, and ran o're all the ſoft enjoyments he had had with her; and fancy'd with tormenting thought, that ſo another wou'd poſſeſs her: till rackt with tortures he almoſt fainted on the *Repoſe* on which he was ſet: But *Brilljard* rous'd and indeavour'd to convince him: Told him he hop'd his fear was needleſs, and that he wou'd take all the watchful care imaginable of her conduct, be a ſpy upon her vertue, and from time to time give him notice of all that ſhou'd paſs: Bid him conſider her quality, and that ſhe was no common Miſtriſs whom hire cou'd lead aſtray, and that if from the violence of her paſſion, or her more ſevere fate ſhe had yeilded to the moſt Charming of men, he ought as little to imagine ſhe cou'd be

again

again a Lover, as that ſhe cou'd find an object of equal beauty with that of *Phillander*. In fine, he ſooth'd and Flatter'd him into ſo much eaſe, that he reſolves to take his leave for a day or two under pretence of meeting and conſulting with ſome of the rebell party; and that he wou'd return again to her by that time it might be imagin'd her feaver might be abated, and *Silvia* in a condition to receive the news of his being gone for a longer time, and to know all his affairs. While *Brilljard* prepar'd all things neceſſary for his departure, *Phillander* went to *Silvia*. From whom, having been abſent two tedious hours; ſhe caught him in her Arms with a tranſport of joy; reproach'd him with want of Love, for being abſent ſo long. But ſtill the more ſhe ſpoke ſoft ſighing words of

Love

Love, the more his Soul was ſeiz'd with melancholy. His ſighs redoubl'd and he cou'd not refrain from leting fall ſome tears upon her boſom —— Which *Silvia* perceiving with a look and a trembling in her voyce, that ſpoke her fear, ſhe cry'd, oh *Phillander*! theſe are unuſual marks of your tenderneſs. Oh tell me, tell me quickly, what they mean. He anſwer'd with a ſigh, and ſhe went on —— 'Tis ſo, I am undone, 'tis your loſt vows, your broken faith you weep, Yes, *Phillander*, you find the flower of my beauty faded, and what you lov'd before you pity now, and theſe be the effects of it. Then ſighing, as if his Soul had been departing on her neck, he cry'd by heaven, by all the powers of Love, thou art the ſame dear charmer that thou wert, then preſſing her

her body to his boſom, he ſigh'd a new as if his heart were breaking—— I know (ſays ſhe) *Phillander* there's ſome hidden cauſe that gives theſe ſighs their way, and that dear face a paleneſs. Oh tell me all; for ſhe that cou'd abandon all for thee, can dare the worſt of Fate, If thou muſt quit me—— Oh *Phillander*, if it muſt be ſo, I need not ſtay the lingering death of a feable Feaver: I know a way more noble and more ſudden. Pleas'd at her reſolution, which all moſt deſtroy'd his jealouſie and fears, a thouſand times he kiſt her, mixing his grateful words and thanks with ſighs, and finding her fair hands (which he put often to his mouth) to increaſe their fires, and her pulſe to be more high and quick, fearing to relapſe her into her (abating) feaver he forc'd a

ſmile, and told her, he had no griefs, but what ſhe made him feel, no torments but her ſickneſs, nor ſighs but for her pain, and left nothing unſaid, that might confirm her he was ſtill more and more her Slave; and concealing his deſign in favour of her health, he ceas'd not vowing and proteſting till he had ſettled her in all the tranquillity of a recovering beauty. And, as ſince her firſt Illneſs he had never departed from her Bed, ſo now this night he ſtrove to appear in her Arms with all that uſual Gayety of Love that her condition wou'd permit, or his circumſtances cou'd feign, and leaving her a ſleep at day-break, (with a force upon his Soul that cannot be conceiv'd) but by parting Lovers, he ſtole from her Arms and retiring to his chamber

he

he ſoon got himſelf ready for his flight and departed. We will leave *Silvia*'s ravings to be expreſt by none but her ſelf, and tell you that after about Fourteen days abſence *Octavio* receiv'd this Letter from *Phillander*:

*P*hillander *to* Octavio.

BEing ſafely arriv'd at *Collen*, and by a very pretty and lucky adventure lodg'd in the houſe of the beſt quallity in the Town, I find my ſelf much more at eaſe then I thought it poſſible to be without *Silvia*, from whom I am nevertheleſs impatient to hear, I hope abſence appears not ſo great a Bugbear to her as 'twas imagin'd. For I know not what effects it wou'd

have

have on me to hear her griefs exceeded a few ſighs and tears. Thoſe my kind abſence has taught me to allow and bear without much pain, but ſhou'd her Love tranſport her to extreams of rage and deſpair, I fear I ſhou'd quit my ſafety here, and give her the laſt proof of my Love and my compaſſion: throw my ſelf at her Feet, and expoſe my life to preſerve hers, Honour wou'd oblige me to't. I conjure you, my dear *Octavio*, by all the Friendſhip you have vow'd me, (and which I no longer doubt,) let me ſpeedily know how ſhe bears my abſence, for on that knowledg depends a great deal of the ſatisfaction of my life, carry her this inclos'd which I have writ her, and ſoften my ſilent departure, which poſſibly may apear rude and unkind, plead my pardon, and give her the ſto-

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ry of my neceſſity of offending, which none can ſo well relate as your ſelf. And from a mouth ſo eloquent, to a Maid ſo full of Love, will ſoon reconcile me to her heart. With her Letter I ſend you a Bill to pay her 2000 Patacons, which I have paid *Vander Hanskin* here, as his Letter will inform you, as alſo thoſe Bills I receiv'd of you at my departure, having been ſupply'd by an *Engliſh* Merchant here, who gave me credit. 'Twill be an Age till I hear from you, and receive the news of the health of *Silvia*. Than which two bleſſings nothing will be more wellcom to,

Collen. *Generous* Octavio,
Your PHILANDER.

Direct your Letters for me to your Merchant *Vander Hanskin*.

Philander *to* Silvia.

THere is no way left to gain my *Silvia's* pardon, for leaving her, and leaving her in ſuch circumſtances, but to tell her 'twas to preſerve a life, which I believ'd intirely dear to her, but that unhappy crime is too ſeverely puniſht by the cruelties of my abſence. Believe me, Lovely *Silvia*, I have felt all your pains, I have burnt with your feaver, and ſigh'd with your oppreſſions; Say, has my pain abated yours? Tell me! and haſten my health by the aſſurance of your recovery, or I have fled in vain from thoſe dear Arms to ſave a life, of which I know not what account to give you, till I reecive from you the knowledg

knowledg of your perfect health, the true ſtate of mine. I can only ſay I ſigh, and have a ſort of a being in *Collen*, where I have ſome more aſſurance of protection than I cou'd hope from thoſe int'reſted Bruits, who ſent me from you, yet Bruitiſh as they are, I know thou art ſafe from their Clowniſh outrages. For were they ſenſleſs as their Fellow Monſters of the ſea, they durſt not prophane ſo pure an excellence as thine, the ſullen Boors wou'd jouder out a wellcom to thee, and gape, and wonder at thy awful beauty, tho they want the tender ſenſe to know, to what uſe 'twas made. Or if I doubted their Humanity, I cannot the Friendſhip of *Octavio*, ſince he has given me too good a proof of it to leave me any fear, that he has not in my abſence perſu'd

thoſe generous ſentiments for *Silvia* which he vow'd to *Philander*, and of which the firſt proof muſt be his relating the neceſſity of my abſence, to ſet me well with my adorable Maid. Who, better than I, can inform her: and that I rather choſe to quit you only for a ſhort ſpace, than reduce my ſelf to the neceſſity of loſing you eternally. Let the ſatisfaction this ought to give you, retrieve your health and beauty, and put you into a condition of reſtoring to me all my joys. That by perſuing the dictates of your Love, you may again bring the greateſt happyneſs on earth to the Arms of

Your PHILANDER.

POSTCRIPT.

My affairs here are yet ſo unſettl'd, that I can take no order for your

your coming to me but, as ſoon as I know where I can fix with ſafety, I ſhall make it my buſineſs and my happyneſs : Adieu. Truſt *Octavio* with your Letters only.

This Letter *Octavio* wou'd not carry himſelf to her, who had omitted no day, ſcarce any hour, wherein he ſaw not or ſent not to the charming *Silvia*, but he found, in that which *Philander* had writ to him, an Aire of coldneſs altogether unuſual with that paſſionate Lover, and infinitely ſhort in point of tenderneſs to thoſe he had formerly ſeen of his, and from what he had heard him ſpeak ; ſo that he no longer doubted (and the rather becauſe he hop'd it) but that *Philander* found an abatement of that heat, which was wont to inſpire at a more Amorous rate ; this appearing de-

clenſion he cou'd not conceal from *Silvia*, at leaſt to let her know he took notice of it; for he knew her Love was too quick ſighted and ſenſible to paſs it unregarded, but he with reaſon thought, that when ſhe ſhou'd find others obſerve the little ſlight ſhe had put on her, her pride (which is natural to women in ſuch caſes) wou'd decline and leſſen her Love, for his Rival. He therefore ſent his Page with the Letters inclos'd in this from himſelf.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

FRom a little neceſſary debauch I made laſt night with the Prince, I am forc'd to imploy my Page in thoſe duties I ought to have perform'd my ſelf: He brings you, Madam, a Letter from *Philander*,

Philander, as mine which I have alſo ſent you informes me; I ſhou'd elſe have doubted it; 'tis, I think, his character, and all he ſays of *Octavio* confeſſes the Friend, but where he ſpeaks of *Silvia* ſure he diſguiſes the Lover: I wonder the mask ſhou'd be put on now to me, to whom before he ſo frankly diſcover'd the the ſecrets of his Amorous heart. 'Tis a miſtery I wou'd fain perſwade my ſelf he finds abſolutely neceſſary to his intereſt, and I hope you will make the ſame favorable conſtructions of it, and not impute the leſſen'd zeal wherewith he treats the charming *Silvia* to any poſſible change or coldneſs, ſince I am but too fatally ſenſible, that no man can arrive at the Glory of being belov'd by you, that had ever power to ſhorten one link of that dear

chain, that holds him, and you need but ſurvey that adorable face, to confirm your tranquillitie, ſet a juſt value on your charmes, and you need no arguments to ſecure your everlaſting Empire, or to eſtabliſh it in what heart you pleaſe, this fatal truth I learnt from your fair eyes, e're they diſcover'd to me your Sex, and you may as ſoon change to what I then believ'd you, as I from adoring what I now find you; if all then, Madam, that do but look on you become your Slaves, and languiſh for you, love on, even without hope, and die, what muſt *Phillander* pay you, who has the mighty bleſſing of your Love, your Vows, and all that renders the hours of amorous Youth ſacred, glad, and Triumphant? But you know the conquering power of your

your charmes too well to need either this daring confeſſion, or a defence of *Phillanders* vertue from,

Madam,

Your obedient Slave,

Octavio.

Silvia had no ſooner read this with bluſhes, and a thouſand fears, and trembling of what was to follow in *Phillander*'s Letters both to *Octavio* and to her ſelf, but with an Indignation agreeable to her haughty Soul ſhe cry'd ——*How,---ſlighted* ! *and muſt* Octavio *ſee it too* : *By Heaven if I ſhou'd find it true he ſhall not dare to think it* ; then with a generous rage ſhe broke open *Phillanders* Letter ; and which ſhe ſoon perceiv'd did but too well prove the truth of

Octavio's ſuſpition, and her own fears. She repeated it again and again, and ſtill ſhe found more cauſe of greif and anger; Love occaſion'd the firſt, and Pride the laſt: And, to a Soul perfectly haughty, as was that of *Silvia*, 'twas hard to gueſs which had the aſſendant: She conſider'd *Octavio* to all the advantages that thought cou'd conceive in one who was not a Lover of him; ſhe knew he merited a heart tho ſhe had none to give him, ſhe found him charming without having a tenderneſs for him, ſhe found him young and amorous without deſire towards him, ſhe found him great, rich, powerful, and generous, without deſigning on him, and tho ſhe knew her Soul free from all Paſſion, but that for *Philander*; nevertheleſs ſhe bluſht and was angry, that he had thoughts

no more advantagious to the power of thoſe charmes, which ſhe wiſht might appear to him above her Sex : It being natural to Women to deſire Conqueſts, tho they hate the conquer'd; to glory in the tryumph, tho they deſpiſe the Slave. And believ'd, while *Octavio* had ſo poor a ſenſe of her beauty as to believe it cou'd be forſaken, he would adore it leſs; And firſt to ſatisfie her pride ſhe left the ſofter buſineſs of her heart to the next tormenting hour, and ſent him this careleſs anſwer by his Page, believing if ſhe appear'd too angry it might look as if ſhe valu'd his opinion, and therefore diſſembled her thoughts, as women in thoſe caſes ever do, who when moſt angry ſeem the moſt Galliard, eſpecially when they have need of the friendſhip of thoſe they flatter.

Sil-

Silvia *to* Octavio.

IS it indeed *Octavio*, that you believe *Philander* cold, or wou'd you make that a pretext to the declaration of your own paſſion, we French Ladies are not ſo nicely ty'd up to the formalities of vertue, but we can hear Love at both ears, and if we receive not the addreſſes of both, at leaſt we are perhaps vain enough, not to be diſpleas'd, to find we make new conqueſts. But you have made your attaeque with ſo ill conduct, that I ſhall find force enough without more aids to repulſe you. Alas, my Lord! did you believe my heart was left unguarded when *Philander* departed? No, the careful charming Lover left a thouſand litgods to defend it, of no leſs power than himſelf. Young Deities, who

who laugh at all your little arts and treacheries, and ſcorn to reſign their Empire to any feable Cupids you can draw up againſt 'em. Your thick foggy air breeds *Loves* too dull and heavy for noble flights, nor can I ſtoop to them. The Flemiſh Boy wants arrows keen enough for hearts like mine, and is a Bungler in his Art, too laſie and remiſs, rather a heavy *Bacchus* than a *Cupid*, a Bottle ſends him to his Bed of Moſs, where he ſleeps hard, and never dreams of *Venus*.

How poorly have you paid your ſelf, my Lord, (by this purſuit of your diſcover'd Love) for all the little friendſhip you have rendred me? How well you have explain'd, you can be no more a Lover than a Friend, if one may judg the firſt by the laſt: Had you been thus obſtinate in your paſſion before

Phi-

Philander went, or you had believ'd me abandon'd, I ſhould perhaps have thought, that you had lov'd indeed, becauſe I ſhould have ſeen you durſt, and ſhould have believ'd it true, becauſe it ran ſome hazards for me, the reſolution of it would have reconcil'd me then to the temerity of it, and the greateſt demonſtration you cou'd have given of it, woud have been the danger you wou'd have ran and contemned; and the preferance of your paſſion above any other conſideration. This, my Lord, had been generous, and like a Lover, but poorly thus to ſet upon a ſingle Woman in the diſguiſe of a Friend, in the dark ſilent melancholy hour of abſence from *Philander*, then to ſurpriſe me, then to bid me deliver! to pad for hearts! it was not like *Octavio*. That *Octavio*, *Philander* made his Friend, and for whoſe

whoſe dear ſake, my Lord, I will no further reproach you, but from a goodneſs, which, I hope, you will merit, I will forgive an offence, which your ill timing has render'd almoſt inexcuſable; and expect you will for the future conſider better how you ought to treat

SYLVIA.

As ſoon as ſhe had diſmiſt the Page, ſhe haſted to her buſineſs of Love, and again read over *Philanders* Letter, and finds ſtill new occaſion for fear; ſhe had recourſe to pen and paper for a relief of that heart which no other way cou'd find it; and after, having wip'd the tears from her eyes, ſhe writ this following Letter.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Philander.

YEs, *Philander*, I have receiv-ed your Letter, and but I found my name there, ſhou'd have hop'd it was not meant for *Silvia*: Oh! 'tis all cold —Short —Short and cold as a dead Winters day. It chill'd my blood, it ſhiver'd every vein. Where, oh where haſt thou laviſh'd out all thoſe ſoft words ſo natural to thy Soul, with which thou us'd to charm; ſo tun'd to the dear muſick of thy voice? What is become of all the tender things, which, as I us'd to read, made little nimble pantings in my heart, my bluſhes rise, and tremblings in my bloud, adding new fire to the poor burning Victim! Oh where are all thy pretty flatteries of Love, that made me fond, and vain, and ſet a value on this trifling Beauty? Haſt thou

thou forgot thy wondrous Art of loving? Thy pretty cunings, and thy ſoft deceivings? Haſt thou forgot 'em all? Or haſt forgot indeed to love at all? Has thy induſtrious paſſion gather'd all the ſweets, and left the rifled flower to hang its wither'd head, and die in ſhades neglected, for who will prize it now, now, when all its perfumes fled. Oh my *Philander*, oh my charming Fugitive! waſt not enough, you left me like falſe *Theſeus* on the ſhore, on the forſaken ſhore, departed from my fond my claſping Arms; where I believ'd you ſafe, ſecure, and pleas'd; when ſleep and night, that favour'd you and ruin'd me, had render'd 'em incapable of their dear loſs? Oh was it not enough, that when I found 'em empty and abandon'd, and the place cold where you had lain, and my poor trembling boſom unpoſſeſt

poſſeſt of that dear load it bore, that I almoſt expired with my firſt fears; Oh if *Philander* lov'd he wou'd have thought that cruelty enough, without the ſad addition of a growing coldneſs: I wak'd, I miſt thee, and I call'd aloud, *Philander!* my *Philander*! But no *Philander* heard; then drew the cloſe drawn Curtains, and with a haſty and buſie veiw, ſurvey'd the Chamber over, but Oh! in vain I veiw'd, and call'd yet louder, but none appear'd to my aſſiſtance, but *Antonet* and *Briljard* to torture me with dull excuſes, urging a thouſand feign'd and frivolous reaſons to ſatisfie my fears: But I, who lov'd, who doated even to madneſs, by nature ſoft, and timerous as a Dove, and fearful as a Criminal eſcap'd, that dreads each little noiſe, fancy'd their eyes and guilty looks confeſt the treaſons of their

their hearts and tongues, while they, more kind than true, ſtrove to convince my killing doubts: Proteſted, that you would return by night, and feign'd a likely ſtory to deceive, Thus between hope and fear I languiſht out a day, Oh Heavens! a tedious day without *Philander*, who wou'd have thought, that ſuch a diſmal day ſhou'd not with the end of its reign have finiſh'd that of my life, but then *Octavio* came to viſit me, and who till then I never wiſht to ſee, but now I was impatient for his coming, who by degrees told me that you were gone— I never ask'd him where, or how, or why, that you where gone was enough to poſſeſs me of all I fear'd, your being apprehended, and ſent into *France*, your delivering your ſelf up, your abandoning me; all, all, I had an eaſie faith for, without con-

conſulting more than That, Thou wert gone, —that very word yet ſtrikes a terrour to my Soul, diſables my trembling hand, and I muſt wait for reinforcements from ſome kinder thoughts. But, Oh! from whence ſhou'd they arrive? from what dear preſent felicity, or proſpect of a future, tho never ſo diſtant, and all thoſe paſt ones, ſerve but to increaſe my pain; they favour me no more, they charm and pleaſe no more, and only preſent themſelves to my memory to compleat the number of my ſighs and tears, and make me wiſh that they had never been, tho even with *Philander*! Oh, ſay, thou Monarch of my panting Soul, How haſt thou treated *Silvia*, to make her wiſh, that ſhe had never known a tender joy with thee: Is't poſſible ſhe ſhou'd repent her loving thee, and thou ſhou'dſt give her

her cauſe! Say, dear falſe Charmer, is it? But O, there is no laſting Faith in ſin! —Ah —What have I done? How dreadful is the Scene of my firſt debauch, and how glorious that never to be regain'd proſpect of my Virgin innocence, where I ſate inthron'd in awful vertue, crown'd with ſhining honour, and adorn'd with unſullied reputation, till thou, O Tyrant *Love*! with a charming uſurpation, invaded all my glories; and which I reſign'd with greater pride and joy than a young Monarch puts 'em on. Oh, why then do I repent? as if the vaſt, the dear expence of pleaſures paſt were not enough to recompenee for all the pains of Love to come? But why, O why do I treat thee as a Lover loſt already. Thou art not, canſt not, no, Ile not believe it, till thou thy ſelf confeſs it. Nor ſhall the

omiſ-

omiſſion of a tender word or two make me believe thou haſt forgot thy vows. Alas it may be I miſtake thy cares, thy hard fatigues of Life, thy preſant ill circumſtances (and all the melancholy effects of thine and my misfortunes) for coldneſs and declining Love. Alas, I had forgot my poor, my dear *Philander* is now oblig'd to contrive for Life, as well as Love; thou perhaps (fearing the worſt) art preparing Eloquence for a Council Table, and in thy buſie and guilty imaginations, haranguing it to the grave Judges, defending thy innocence, or evading thy guilt: Feeing Advocates, excepting Juries, and confronting Witneſſes, when thou shou'dſt be giving ſatisfaction to my fainting love-ſick heart: Sometimes in thy labouring fancy the horrour of a dreadful Sentence for an ignominious death

ſtrikes upon thy tender Soul with a force that frights the little God from thence, and I am perſwaded there are ſome moments of this melancholy nature, wherein your *Silvia* is even quite forgotten, and this too ſhe can think juſt and reaſonable, without reproaching thy heart with a declining paſſion, eſpecially when I am not by to call thy fondneſs up, and divert thy more tormenting hours: But Oh, for thoſe ſoft minutes thou haſt deſign'd for Love, and haſt dedicated to *Silvia*, *Philander* ſhou'd diſmiſs the dull formalities of rigid buſineſs, the preſſing cares of dangers, and have given a looſe to ſoftneſs. Cou'd my *Philander* imagine this ſhort and unloving Letter ſufficient to atone for ſuch an abſence? And has *Philander* then forgotten the pain with which I languiſh'd, when but abſent from him an hour; how

then

then can he imagine I can live, when distant from him so many Leagues, and so many days? while all the scanty comfort I have for life is, that one day we might meet again; but where, or when, or how — thou hast not love enough so much as to divine; but poorly leavest me to be satisfied by *Octavio*, committing the business of thy heart, the once great importance of thy Soul, the most necessary devoires of thy life, to be supply'd by another. Oh *Philander*, I have known a blessed time in our reign of Love, when thou wou'dst have thought even all thy own power of too little force to satisfie the doubting Soul of *Silvia*: Tell me, *Philadner*, hast thou forgot that time? I dare not think thou hast, and yet (O God) I find an alteration, but Heaven divert the Omen: Yet something whispers to my Soul,

I am undone! Oh where art thou my *Philander*? Where's thy heart? And what has it been doing ſince it begun my Fate? How can it juſtifie thy coldneſs, and thou this cruel abſence, without accounting with me for every parting hour? My Charming Dear was wont to find me buſineſs for all my lonely abſent ones? and writ the ſofteſt Letters—— Loading the Paper with fond Vows and Wiſhes, which e're I had read o're, another wou'd arrive, to keep Eternal warmth about my Soul; nor wert thou ever wearied more with writing, than I with reading or with ſighing after thee; but now—— Oh! there's ſome Myſtery in't I dare not underſtand. Be kind at leaſt and ſatisfie my fears, for 'tis a wonderous pain to live in doubt, if thou ſtill lov'ſt me, ſwear it

o're a new! and curſe me if I do not credit thee. But---if thou art declining,---or ſhou'dſt be ſent a ſhameful Victim into *France*---- Oh thou deceiving Charmer, yet be juſt and let me know my Doom; By Heaven this laſt will find a welcome to me, for it will end the torment of my doubts, and fears of loſing thee another way, and I ſhall have the Joy to dye with thee; dye belov'd, and dye

Thy SILVIA.

Having read over this Letter ſhe fear'd ſhe had ſaid too much of her doubts, and apprehenſions of a change in him; for now ſhe flies to all the little Stratagems and artifices of Lovers, ſhe begins to conſider the worſt, and to make her beſt of that, but quite abandon'd ſhe cou'd not believe her

her ſelf without flying into all the rage that diſappointed Women cou'd be poſſeſt with, ſhe calls *Briljard* ſhews him his Lords Letters, and told him (while he read) her doubts and fears; he being thus inſtructed by her ſelf in the way how to deceive her on, like Fortunetellers who gather peoples Fortune from themſelves and then return it back for their own Divinity; tells her he ſaw indeed a change! glad to improve her fear, and feigns a ſorrow almoſt equal to hers: *'Tis evident*, ſays he, *'Tis evident, that he's the moſt ungrateful of his Sex! Pardon Madam* (continued he, bowing) *If my Zeal for the moſt Charming Creature on Earth make me forget my duty to the beſt of Maſters and Friends, Ah* Brilljard, cry'd ſhe, with an Air of languiſhment that more inflam'd

him, *have a care leaſt that miſtaken Zeal for me ſhou'd make you prophane a Vertue, which has not, but on this occaſion ſhew'd that it wanted Angels for its guard. Oh*, Brilljard, *if he be falſe---If the dear Man be perjur'd, take, take kind Heaven! the life you have preſerv'd, but for a greater proof of your revenge* ——And at that word ſhe ſunk into his Arms, which he haſtily extended as ſhe was falling, both to ſave her from harm and to give himſelf the pleaſure of graſping the lovely-ſt body in the World to his Boſome, on which her fair face declin'd cold, dead and pale, but ſo tranſporting was the pleaſure of that dear burden, that he forgot to call for, or to uſe any aid to bring her back to life, but trembling with his love and eager paſſion he took a thouſand joys,

he

he kiſt a thouſand times her Luke-warm lips, ſuckt her ſhort ſighs, and raviſht all the ſweets her Boſome (which but guarded with a looſe Night Gown) yielded his impatient touches. Oh, Heaven who can expreſs the pleaſures he receiv'd, becauſe no other way he ever cou'd arrive to ſo much dareing, 'twas all beyond his hope, looſe were her Robes, inſenſible the Maid, and love had made him inſolent, he rov'd, he kiſt, he gaz'd, without controul, forgetting all reſpect of perſons or of place, and quite deſpairing by fair means to win her, reſolves to take this luckey opportunity; the door he knew was faſt, for the Counſel ſhe had to ask him admitted of no lookers on, ſo that at his enterance ſhe had ſecur'd that paſs for him her ſelf, and being near her Bed, when ſhe fell

into his Arms, at this laſt daring thought, he lifts her thither and lays her gently down, and while he did ſo, in one Minute, ran o're all the killing joys he had been witneſs to, which ſhe had given *Philander*; on which he never paws'd but urg'd by a *Cupid* altogether malicious and wicked, he reſolves his cowardly Conqueſt, when ſome kinder God awaken'd *Silvia*, and brought *Octavio* to the Chamber door, who having been us'd to a freedom which was permitted to none but himſelf with *Antonett* her woman, waiting for admittance, after having knockt twice ſoftly, *Brilljard* heard it, and redoubl'd his diſorder, which from that of Love grew to that of ſurpriſe; he knew not what to do, whether to refuſe anſwering or to re-eſtabliſh the reviveing ſenſe of *Silvia*; in this moment

ment of perplexing thought, he fail'd not however to ſet his hair in order, and ajuſt him, tho there were no need of it, and ſteping to the door (after having rais'd *Silvia*, leaning her head on her hand on her bed ſide,) he gave admittance to *Octavio*; but oh Heaven, how was he ſurpriz'd when he ſaw it was *Octavio*? his heart with more force than before redoubl'd its beats, that one might eaſily perceive every ſtroke by the motion of his Cravate, he bluſht, which to a complexion perfectly fair, as that of *Briljard* (who wants no Beauty either in face or perſon) was the more diſcoverable, add to this his trembling, and you may eaſily imagine what a fuger he repreſented himſelf to *Octavio*: Who almoſt as much ſurpriz'd as himſelf to find the Goddeſs of his Vows and Devo-

tions with a young *Endimion* a lone, a door ſhut too, her Gown looſe (which from the late fit ſhe was in and *Briljards* rape upon her Boſom) was ſtill open and diſcover'd a World of unguarded Beauty, which ſhe knew not was in view, with ſome other diſorders of her head Cloaths, gave him in a moment a thouſand falſe apprehenſions, *Antonett* was no leſs ſurpriz'd, ſo that all had their part of amazement, but the innocent *Silvia*, whoſe Eyes were beautifi'd with a melancholly calm, which almoſt ſet the generous Lover at eaſe, and took away his new fears, however he cou'd not chuſe but ask *Briljard* what the matter was with him, he look'd ſo out of countenance, and trembled ſo, he told him, how *Silvia* had been, and what extream frights ſhe had poſſeſt him with, and told him the

the occaſion, which the lovely *Silvia* with her eyes and ſighs aſſented to, and *Brilljard* departed; how well-pleas'd you may imagine, or with what guſto he left her with the lovely *Octavio*, whom he perceiv'd too well was a Lover in the diſguiſe of a Friend: But there are in love thoſe wonderful Lovers who can quench the Fire one Beauty kindles, with ſome other Object, and as much in Love as *Brilljard* was he found *Antonett* an Antidote that diſpell'd the groſſer part of it, for ſhe was in Love with our Amorous friend, and courted him with that paſſion thoſe of that Country do almoſt all handſom Strangers, and one convenient principle of the Religion of that Country is to think it no ſin to be kind while they are ſingle Women, tho otherwiſe (when Wives) they are

juſt enough, nor does a Woman that manages her affairs thus diſcreetly meet with any reproach, of this humour was our *Antonett* who perſu'd her Lover out half jealous there might be ſome amarous intrigue between her Lady and him, which ſhe ſought in vain by all the feable Arts of her Countries Sex to get from him, while on the other ſide, he believing ſhe might be of uſe in the farther diſcovery he deſir'd to make between *Octavio* and *Silvia*; not only told her ſhe her ſelf was the Object of his wiſhes, but gave her a ſubſtantial proof on't, and told her his deſign, after having her Honour for ſecurity that ſhe wou'd be ſecret, the beſt Pledge a man can take of a Woman: After ſhe had promis'd to betray all things to him ſhe departed to her affairs, and he to giving his

his Lord an account of *Silvia*, as he desir'd, in a Letter which came to him with that of *Silvia*, and which was thus,

Philander *to* Briljard.

I Doubt not but you will wonder that all this time you have not heard of me, nor indeed can I well excuse it, since I have been in a place, whence with ease I cou'd have sent every Post, but a new affair of Gallantry has engag'd my thoughtful hours, not that I find any passion there that has abated one sigh for *Silvia*, but a mans hours are very dull, when undiverted by an intrigue of some kind or other, especially to a heart young and gay as mine is, and which would not if possible bend under the fatigues of more serious thought and business; I shou'd not

tell

tell you this, but that I wou'd have you feign all the dilatory excuſes that poſſible you can to hinder *Silva*'s coming to me, while I remain in this Town, where I deſign to make my abode but a ſhort time, and had not ſtaid at all, but for this ſtop to my journey, and I ſcorn to be vanquiſh'd without taking my revenge, 'tis a ſally of Youth, no more ——a flaſh that blazes for a while, and willgo out with enjoyment. I need not bid you keep this knowledge to your ſelf, for I have had too good a confirmation of your faith and friendship to doubt you now, and believe you have too much reſpect for *Silvia* to occaſion her any diſquiet. I long to know how ſhe takes my abſence, ſend me at large of all that paſſes, and give your Letters to *Octavio*, for none elſe ſhall know where I am, or how to

ſend

ſend to me : Be careful of *Silvia*, and obſerve her with diligence, for poſſibly I ſhould not be extravagantly afflicted to find ſhe were inclin'd to love me leſs for her own eaſe and mine, ſince Love is troubleſome when the height of it carries it to jealouſies, little quarrels, and eternal diſcontents, all which beginning Lovers prize, and pride themſelves on every diſtruſt of the fond Miſtreſs, ſince 'tis not only a demonſtration of love in them, but of power and charmes in us, that occaſion it, but when we no longer find the Miſtreſs ſo deſirable, as our firſt wiſhes form her, we value leſs their opinion of our perſons, and only endeavour to render it agreeable to new Beauties, and adorn it for new Conqueſts, but you *Briljard*, have been a Lover, and underſtand already this Philoſophy. I need ſay no more then,

to

to a man who knows ſo well my Soul but to tell him I am

His conſtant Friend

Philander.

This came as *Briljards* Soul cou'd wiſh, and had he ſent him word he had been choſen King of *Poland* he cou'd not have receiv'd the news with ſo great joy, and ſo perfect a welcom. How to manage this to his beſt advantage was the buſineſs he was next to conſult, after returning an anſwer; now he fancied himſelf ſure of the lovely prize, in ſpight of all other oppoſitions: *For* (ſays he, in reaſoning the caſe) *if ſhe can by degrees arrive to a coldneſs to* Philander, *and conſider him no longer as a Lover ſhe may perhaps conſider me as a Husband, or ſhou'd ſhe receive* Octavio's *addreſſes, when once I have found her*

her feable I will make her pay me for keeping of every ſecret. So either way he entertain'd a hope, tho never ſo diſtant from Reaſon and probability; but all things ſeem poſſible to longing Lovers, who can on the leaſt hope reſolve to out wait even Eternity (if poſſible) in expectation of a promis'd bleſſing, and now with more than uſual care he reſolv'd to dreſs and ſet out all his Youth and Beauty to the beſt advantage, and being a Gentleman well born, he wanted no Arts of dreſſing, nor any advantage of ſhape or Mein, to make it appear well: Pleas'd with this hope, his art was now how to make his advances without appearing to have deſign'd doing ſo. And firſt to act the Hypocrite with his Lord was his buſineſs; for he conſider'd rightly, if he ſhould not repreſent

Silvia's

Silvia's ſorrows to the life, and appear to make him ſenſible of 'em, he ſhou'd not after be credited if he related any thing to her diſadvantage; for to be the greater Enemy you ought to ſeem to be the greateſt Friend. This was the policy of his heart, who in all things was inſpir'd with phanatical notions. In order to this, being alone in his Chamber, after the defeat he had in that of *Silvia*'s, he writ this Letter.

Briljard *to* Philander.

My Lord,

YOu have done me the honour to make me your Confident in an affair, that does not a little ſurprize me: Since I believ'd, after *Silvia*, no mortal Beauty cou'd have touch'd your heart, and nothing but your own excu-

excuſes cou'd have ſuffic'd to have made it reaſonable: and I only wiſh, that when the fatal news ſhall arrive to *Silvia*'s ear (as for me it never ſhall) that ſhe may think it as pardonable as I do; but I doubt 'twill add abundance of grief, to what ſhe is already poſſeſt of, if but ſuch a fear ſhou'd enter in her tender thoughts. But ſince 'tis not my buſineſs, my Lord, to adviſe or counſel, but to obey, I leave you to all the ſucceſs of happy Love, and will only give you an account how affairs ſtand here, ſince your departure.

That Morning you left the *Brill*, and *Silvia* in Bed, I muſt diſturb your more ſerene thoughts with telling you, that her firſt ſurpriſe and griefs at the news of your departure, were moſt deplorable, where raging madneſs and the ſofter paſſion of Love, complaints

complaints of grief and anger, ſighs, tears, and cries were ſo mixt together, and by turns ſo violently ſeiz'd her, that all about her wept and pitty'd her; 'twas ſad, 'twas wonderous ſad my Lord to ſee it: Nor cou'd we hope her Life, or that ſhe wou'd preſerve it if ſhe cou'd, for by many ways ſhe attempted to have releas'd her ſelf from pain by a violent Death, and thoſe that ſtrove to preſerve that, cou'd not hope ſhe wou'd ever have return'd to ſenſe again, ſometimes a wild extravagant Raving wou'd require all our aid, and then again ſhe would talk and rail ſo tenderly——and expreſs her reſentment in the kindeſt ſofteſt words that ever madneſs utter'd, and all of her *Philander*, till ſhe has ſet us all a weeping round her, ſometimes ſhe'd ſit as calm and ſtill as death,

and

and we have perceiv'd ſhe liv'd only by ſighs and ſilent Tears that fell into her boſom, then on a ſuddain wildly gaze upon us with Eyes that even then had wonderous Charms, and frantickly ſurvey us all, then cry aloud, where is my Lord *Phillander*?——Oh, bring me my *Phillander, Brilljard*, Oh *Antonett, where have you hid the Treaſure of my Soul*, then weeping floods of Tears, wou'd ſink all fainting in our Arms. Anon with trembling words and ſighs ſhe'd cry,—— *but Oh my dear* Phillander *is no more, you have ſurrendered him to* France——*Yes, yes, you've given him up, and he muſt dye, Publickly dye, be led a ſad Victim thro the joyful crowd----reproacht and fall ingloriouſly*—— Then rave again and tear her lovely hair, and Act ſuch wildneſs,----ſo moving

moving and ſo ſad, as even infected the pittying beholders, and all we cou'd do was gently to perſwade her grief, and ſooth her raveing Fits, but ſo we ſwore, ſo heartily we vow'd that you were ſafe, that with the aid of *Octavio*, who came that day to viſit her, we made her capable of hearing a little reaſon from us: *Octavio* kneel'd and beg'd ſhe wou'd but calmly hear him ſpeak, he pawn'd his Soul, his honour, and his life *Philander* was as ſafe from any injury either from *France* or any other Enemy as he, as ſhe, or Heaven it ſelf; in fine, my Lord, he Vow'd, he ſwore, and pleaded till ſhe with patience heard him tell your Story, and the neceſſity of your abſence, this brought her temper back and dry'd her Eyes, then ſighing anſwer'd him —*that if for your ſafety you*

were

were fled, ſhe wou'd forgive your cruelty and your abſence, and indeavour to be her ſelf again: But then ſhe wou'd a thouſand times conjure him not to deceive her faith, by all the friendſhip that he bore *Philander*, not to poſſeſs her with falſe hopes, then wou'd he ſwear a new, and as he ſwore, ſhe wou'd behold him with ſuch charming ſadneſs in her Eyes, that he almoſt forgot what he wou'd ſay, to gaze upon her and to pay his Pitty? But if with all his power of Beauty and of Rhetorick he left her Calm, he was no ſooner gone, but ſhe return'd to all the Tempeſts of deſpairing Love, to all the unbelief of faithleſs paſſion, wou'd neither ſleep, nor eat nor ſuffer, day to enter; but all was ſad and gloomy as the vault that held the *Epheſian* Matron, nor ſuffer'd ſhe any

any to approach her but her Page, and Count *Octavio*, and he in midſt of all was well receiv'd, not that I think my Lord ſhe feign'd any part of that cloſe retirement to entertain him with any freedom, that did not become a Woman of perfect Love and Honour, tho' I muſt own, my Lord, I believe it impoſſible for him to behold the Lovely *Silvia* without having a paſſion for her, what reſtraint his Friendſhip to you may put upon his heart or Tongue, I know not, but I conclude him a Lover, tho without ſucceſs, what effects that may have upon the heart of *Silvia* only time can render an account of: And whoſe conduct I ſhall the more particularly obſerve from a curioſity natural to me, to ſee, if it may be poſſible for *Silvia* to love again after the adorable *Phillander*, which

which levity in one ſo perfect wou'd cure me of the Diſeaſe of Love, while I liv'd amongſt the fickle Sex: But ſince no ſuch thought can yet get poſſeſſion of my belief I humbly beg your Lordſhip wou'd entertain no jealouſie that may be ſo fatal to your repoſe and to that of *Silvia*, doubt not but my fears proceed perfectly from the zeal I have for your Lordſhip, for whoſe Honour and tranquillity none ſhall venture ſo far as,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt humble and Obedient Servant.

Brilljard.

POSTCRIPT.

My Lord the Groom ſhall ſet forward with your Coach Horſes to morrow Morning according to your Order.

Having

Having writ this, he read it over; not to ſee whether it were wity or Eloquent, or writ up to the ſence of ſo good a Judge as *Philander*, but to ſee whether he had caſt it for his purpoſe; for there his Maſter-piece was to be ſhewn; and having read it, he doubted whether the relation of *Silvia's* griefs were not too moving, and whether they might not ſerve to revive his fading love which were intended only as a demonſtration of his own pitty, and compaſſion, that from thence the deceiv'd Lover might with the more eaſe entertain a belief in what he hinted of her Levity when he was to make that out, as he now had but toucht upon it, for he wou'd not have it thought the buſineſs of malice to *Silvia*, but duty and reſpect to *Philander*: That thought reconcil'd him,

him, to the first part without alteration, and he fancy'd he had said enough in the latter, to give any man of Love and Sence a Jealousie which might inspire a young Lover in persute of a new Mistress, with a revenge that might wholly turn to his advantage, for now every ray gave him light enough to conduct him to hope, and he believ'd nothing too difficult for his Love, nor what his invention cou'd not conquer, he fancy'd himself a very *Machiavel* already, and almost promis'd himself the Charming *Silvia*, with these thoughts he seals up his Letters and hastes to *Silvia's* Chamber for her Further commands, having in his politick transports forgotten he had left *Octavio* with her. *Octavio*, who no sooner had seen *Brilljard* quit the Chamber all trembling and disor-

der'd, after having given him enterance, but the next ſtep was to the Feet of the newly recover'd languiſhing Beauty, who not knowing any thing of the freedom the daring Husband-Lover had taken, was not at all ſurpriz'd to hear *Octavio* cry (kneeling before her) *Ah Madam, I no longer wonder you uſe* Octavio *with ſuch rigour,* then ſighing declin'd his Melancholly Eyes, where love and jealouſie made themſelves too apparent, while ſhe believing he had only reproach'd her want of Ceremony at his entrance, checking her ſelf, ſhe ſtarted from the Bed and taking him by the hands to raiſe him, ſhe cry'd, *Riſe, my Lord, and pardon the omiſſion of that reſpect which was not wanting but with even life it ſelf.* Octavio anſwer'd, *Yes Madam, but you took care not to make the World abſo-*

absolutely unhappy in your Eternal loss, and therefore made choice of such a time to dye in when you were sure of a skilful person at hand to bring you back to life-- My Lord-- said she (with an innocent wonder in her Eyes, and an ignorance that did not apprehend him) *I mean Briljard,* said he, *whom I found sufficiently disorder'd to make me believe he took no little pains to restore you to the World again.* This he spoke with such an Air as easily made her imagine he was a Lover to the degree of jealousie, and therefore (beholding him with a look that told him her disdain before she spoke) she reply'd hastily, *My Lord, if* Brilljard *have expresst by any disorder or concern of his kind sense of my sufferings I am more oblig'd to him for it then I am to you for your opinion of my vertue, and I shall hereafter*

know how to ſet a value both on the one and on the other, ſince what he wants in quality and ability to ſerve me, he ſufficiently makes good with his reſpect and Duty. At that ſhe wou'd have quitted him, but he (ſtill kneeling) held her Train of her Gown, and beſought her with all the Eloquence of moving and petitioning Love, *That ſhe wou'd Pardon the effect of a Paſſion, that cou'd not run into leſs extravagancy at a ſight ſo new and ſtrange, as that ſhe ſhou'd in a morning with only her Night Gown thrown looſely about her lovely body, and which left a thouſand Charms to view, alone receive a man into her Chamber, and make faſt the door upon 'em, which when (from his importunity) was open'd he found her all ruffled, and almoſt fainting on her Bed, and a young bluſhing youth ſtart from her Arms with*

trembling

trembling Limbs, and a heart that beat time to the Tune of active love, faultering in his ſpeech, as if ſcarce yet he had recruited the ſenſe he had ſo happily loſt in the Amorous incounter: With that ſurveying of her ſelf, as ſhe ſtood, in a great Glaſs, which ſhe cou'd not hinder her ſelf from doing, ſhe found indeed her Night Linnen, her Gown, and the boſome of her Shift in ſuch diſorder, as if at leaſt ſhe had yet any doubt remaining that *Briljard* had not treated her well; ſhe however found cauſe enough to excuſe *Octavio's* opinion, weighing all the circumſtances together, and adjuſting her Linnen and Gown with bluſhes that almoſt appear'd criminal, ſhe turn'd to *Octavio*, who ſtill held her, and ſtill beg'd her Pardon, aſſuring him upon her Honour, her love

to *Philander*, and her friendſhip for him, that ſhe was perfectly innocent, and that *Brilljard*, tho he ſhou'd have quality and all other advantages which he wanted to render him acceptable, yet that there was in Nature ſomething which compell'd her to a ſort of coldneſs and diſguſt to his perſon for ſhe had ſo much the more abhorrance to him as he was a Husband, but that was a ſecret to *Octavio*, but ſhe continu'd ſpeaking—— *And cry'd no, cou'd I be brought to yield to any but* Philander, *I own I find Charms enough in* Octavio *to make a conqueſt, but ſince the poſſeſſion of that dear man is all I ask of Heaven, I charge my Soul with a Crime, when I but hear love from any other, therefore I conjure you, if you have any ſatisfaction in my converſation, never*

to

to ſpeak of Love more to me, for if you do, Honour will oblige me to make vows againſt ſeeing you: All the freedoms of friendſhip I'le allow: Give you the Liberties of a Brother, admit you alone by Night, or any way but that of Love; but that's a reſerve of my Soul which is only for Philander, *and the only one that ever ſhall be kept from* Octavio. She ended ſpeaking and rais'd him with a ſmile; and he with a ſigh, told her ſhe muſt command; then ſhe fell to telling him how ſhe had ſent for *Briljard*: and all the Diſcourſe that paſt; with the reaſon of her falling into a ſwound, in which ſhe continu'd a moment or two, and while ſhe told it ſhe bluſht with a ſecret fear, that in that Trance ſome freedoms might be taken which ſhe durſt not confeſs, but while ſhe

ſpoke our ſtill more paſſionate Lover devour'd her with his eyes, fixt his very Soul upon her Charms of ſpeaking and looking, and was a thouſand times (urg'd by tranſporting paſſion) ready to break all her dictates, and vow himſelf her Eternal Slave, but he fear'd the reſult, and therefore kept himſelf within the bounds of ſeeming friendſhip, ſo that after a thouſand things ſhe ſaid of *Philander*, he took his leave to go to Dinner, but as he was going out he ſaw *Brilljard* enter; who, as I ſaid, had forgot he left *Octavio* with her, but in a moment recollecting himſelf, he bluſht at the apprehenſion, that they might make his diſorder, the ſubject of their Diſcourſe, ſo what with that, and the ſight of the dear object of his late diſappointed pleaſures, he had much ado to aſſume

aſſume an aſſurance to approach; But *Octavio* paſt out and gave him a little releaſe. *Silvia's* confuſion was almoſt equal to his, for ſhe lookt on him as a Raviſher, but how to find that Truth, which ſhe was very curious to know, ſhe call'd up all the Arts of Women to inſtruct her in, by threats ſhe knew 'twas vain, therefore ſhe aſſum'd an Artifice, which indeed was almoſt a ſtranger to her heart, that of gilting him out of a ſecret which ſhe knew he wanted generoſity to give handſomely, and meeting him with a ſmile, which ſhe forc'd, ſhe cry'd, *How now* Briljard, *are you ſo faint hearted a Souldier, you cannot ſee a Lady dye without being terrifi'd.* *Rather Madam,* (replyed he bluſhing a new) *ſo ſoft hearted I cannot ſee the loveliest perſon in the World*

fainting in my Arms, without being diſorder'd with grief and fear beyond the power of many days to reſettle again. At which ſhe approacht him, who ſtood near the door, and ſhutting it, ſhe took him by the hand and ſmiling cry'd, *And had you no other buſineſs for your heart but grief and fear, when a fair Lady throws her ſelf into your Arms, it ought to have had ſome kinder effect on a perſon of* Brilljards *youth and complexion.* And while ſhe ſpoke this ſhe held him by the wriſt, and found on the ſuddain his pulſe to beat more high, and his heart to heave his boſom with ſighs, which now he no longer took care to hide; but with a tranſported joy he cry'd *Oh Madam do not urge me to a confeſſion that muſt undo me, without making it criminal by my diſcovery of it, you know I am your ſlave*

when

—when ſhe with a pretty wondering ſmile cry'd —*what a Lover too and yet ſo dull! Oh Charming* Silvia, ſays he (and falling on his knees) *give my profound reſpect à kinder Name*, to which ſhe anſwer'd ——*You that know your ſentiments may beſt inſtruct me by what Name to call em, and you* Brilljard *may do it without fear*,——*You ſaw I did not ſtruggle in your Arms, nor ſtrove I to defend the kiſſes which you gave*—*Oh Heavens* cry'd he tranſported with what ſhe ſaid, *is it poſſible that you cou'd know of my preſumption and favour it too? I will no longer then curſe thoſe unlucky Stars that ſent* Octavio *juſt in the bleſſed Minute to ſnatch me from my Heav'n, the lovely Victim lay ready for the Sacrifice, all prepared to offer, my hands, my eyes, my Lips, were tir'd with pleaſure, but yet they were not ſatisfi'd, oh*

there was joys beyond thoſe raviſh-ments of which one kind Minute more had made me abſolute Lord: Yes and the next ſaid ſhe, *had ſent this to your heart*—Snatching a Pen-knife that lay on her Toylite, where ſhe had been writing, which ſhe offer'd ſo near to his boſome that he believ'd himſelf already pierc'd, ſo ſenſibly killing were her words, her motion, and her look, he ſtarted from her and ſhe threw away the Knife, and walking a turn or two about the Chamber, while he ſtood immovable with his eyes fixt to earth, and his thoughts on nothing but a wild confuſion, of which he vow'd afterwards he cou'd give no account of: But as she turn'd she beheld him with ſome compaſſion, and remembering how he had it in his power to expoſe her in a ſtrange Country, and own her

for

for a wife, she believ'd it neceſſary to hide her reſentments; and cry'd, Brilljard *for the friendſhip your Lord has for you, I forgive you, but have a care you never raiſe your thoughts to a preſumption of that Nature more: Do not hope I will ever fall below* Philanders *Love; go and repent your Crime — and expect all things elſe from my favour* — At this he left her with a bow that had ſome mallice in it, and she return'd into her dreſſing Room —After dinner *Octavio* writes her this Letter, which his Page brought.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

'Tis true, that in obedience to your commands, I begg'd your pardon for the con-

confeſſion I made you of my paſſion. But ſince you cou'd not but ſee the contradiction of my tongue in my eyes, and hear it but too well confirm'd by my ſighs, why will you confine me to the formalities of a ſilent languiſhment, unleſs to increaſe my flame with my pain.

You conjure me to ſee you often, and at the ſame time forbid me ſpeaking of my paſſion, and this bold intruder comes to tell you now, that 'tis impoſſible to obey the firſt, without diſobliging the laſt, and ſince the crime of adoring you exceeds my diſobedience in not waiting on you, be pleas'd at leaſt to pardon that fault, which my profound reſpect to the lovely *Sylvia* compells me to commit; for 'tis impoſſible to ſee you, and not give you an occaſion of reproaching me: If I

cou'd

cou'd make a truce with my eyes, and like a mortifi'd Capuchion, look alwayes downwards, not daring to behold the glorious temptations of your Beauty, yet you wound a thouſand wayes beſides; your touches inflame me, and your voice has muſick in't, that ſtrikes upon my Soul with raviſhing tenderneſs; your Wit is unreſiſtable and peircing; your very ſorrows and complaints have charms, that make me ſoft without the aid of Love: But Pity joyn'd with Paſſion raiſes a flame too mighty for my conduct! And I in tranſports every way confeſs it! Yes, yes, Upbraid me! Call me Traytor and ungrateful! Tell me my friendſhips falſ! But *Sylvia*, yet be juſt, and ſay my love was true. Say only he had ſeen the charming *Sylvia*; and who is he, that after that wou'd not not excuſe the reſt

in one ſo abſolutely born to be undone by Love! as is

Her deſtin'd Slave

Octavio.

Poſtſcript.

Madam: Among ſome Rarities, I this Morning ſaw, I found theſe Trifles Florio *brings you, which becauſe uncommon I preſume to ſend you.*

Sylvia, notwithſtanding the ſeeming ſeverity of her Commands, was well enough pleas'd to be diſobey'd, and Women never pardon any fault more willingly, than one of this nature, where the Crime gives ſo infallable a demonſtration of their power and Beauty; nor can any of their Sex be angry in their hearts for

for being thought desirable; and 'twas not with pain, that she saw him obstinate in his passion, as you may believe by her answering his Letters, nor ought any Lover to despair, when he receives denial under his Mistresses own hand, which she sent in this to *Octavio*.

Silvia to Octavio.

YOu but ill judge of my Wit, or Humour, *Octavio*, when you send me such a Present, and such a Billet, if you believe I either receive the one, or the other as you design'd. In obedience to me you will no more tell me of your Love, and yet at the same time you are breaking your word from one end of the Paper to the other. Out of respect to me you will see me no more, and yet are bribing

bribing me with preſents; believing you have found out the ſureſt way to a Womans heart. I muſt needs confeſs, *Octavio*, there is great eloquence in a pair of Bracelets of five thouſand Crowns: 'Tis an Argument to prove your Paſſion, that has more prevailing reaſon in't, than either *Seneca* or *Tully* cou'd have urg'd, nor can a Lover write or ſpeak in any Language ſo ſignificant, and very well to be underſtood, as in that ſilent one of preſenting. The malicious World has along time agreed to reproach poor Women with cruel, unkind, inſenſible, and dull; when indeed 'tis thoſe men that are in fault, who want the right way of addreſſing, the true and ſecret Arts of moving; that ſovereign Remedy againſt diſdain. 'Tis you alone, my Lord, like a young *Columbus*, that have found the direct

direct, unpractic'd way to that little and ſomuch deſir'd World the favour of the Fair, nor cou'd Love himſelf have pointed his Arrows with any thing more ſucceſsful, for his conqueſt of hearts : But mine, my Lord, like *Scæva*'s Sheild, is already ſo full of Arrows ſhot from *Philanders* eyes, it has no room for any other darts ! Take back your preſents then, my Lord, and when you make 'em next, be ſure you firſt conſider the Receiver ; for know, *Octavio*, Maids of my Quality, ought to find themſelves ſecure from addreſſes of this nature, unleſs they firſt invite ; you ought to have ſeen advances in my freedoms, conſenting in my eyes, or (that uſual vanity of my Sex) a thouſand little trifling Arts of affectation, to furniſh out a conqueſt, a forward complyſance, to every

Gaw-

Gawdy Coxcombe, to fill my train with amorous Cringing Captives, this might have juſtified your pretenſions, but on the contrary my Eyes and thoughts which never ſtray'd from the dear man I love, were always bent to earth, when gaz'd upon by you, and when I did but fear you lookt with love, I entertain'd you with *Phillanders* praiſe, his wondrous Beauty and his wondrous Love! and left nothing untold that might confirm you how much impoſſible it was I e're shou'd love again, that I might leave you no room for hope, and ſince my ſtory has been ſo unfortunate to alarm the whole world with a conduct ſo fatal, I made no ſcruple of telling you with what joy and pride I was undone; if this incourage you; if *Octavio* have ſentiments ſo meanly poor of me, to think becauſe I yielded

ded to *Philander*, his hopes shou'd be advanc'd? I banish him for ever from my sight, and after that disdain the little service, he can render the

Never to be alter'd Silvia

This Lettter, she sent him back by his Page, but not the Bracelets which were indeed very fine, and very considerable, at the same time she threatned him with banishment, she so absolutely expected to be disobey'd in all things of that kind, that she dreſt her self that day to advantage, which since her arrival she never had done in her own habits: what with her illness and *Philanders* absence a careless negligence had seiz'd her, till rous'd and waken'd to the thoughts of Beauty by *Octavio's* Love, she began

gan to try its force, and that day dreſt: while she was ſo imploy'd the Page haſtes with the Letter to his Lord, who chang'd Colour at the ſight of it e're he receiv'd it, not that he hop'd it brought love, 'twas enough she wou'd but anſwer, tho she rail'd; let her (ſaid he in opening it) vow she hates me: *Let her call me Traytor and unjuſt, ſo ſhe take the pains to tell it this way*, for he knew well thoſe that argue will yield, and only she that ſends him back his own Letters without reading em can give diſpair. He read therefore without a ſigh, nor complained he on her rigours, and becauſe it was too early yet to make his Viſit, to shew the impatience of his Love, as much as the reality and reſolution of it, he bid his Page wait and ſent her back this anſwer.

Octavio

Octavio *to* Silvia.

FAir angry *Silvia*, how has my Love offended? Has its exceſs betray'd the leaſt part of that reſpect due to your Birth and Beauty? Tho I am young as the Gay rudy Morning, and vigorous as the guilded Sun at Noon, and Amorous as that God when with ſuch haſte he chas'd young *Daphne* o're the ſlowrr'y Plain! it never made me guilty of a thought that *Silvia* might not Pitty, and allow. Nor came that trifling preſent to plead for any wiſh, or mend my Eloquence, which you with ſuch diſdain upbraid me with, the Bracelets came not to be raſl'd for your Love, nor Pimp to my deſires, Youth ſcorns thoſe common aids; No, let dull

Age

Age purſue thoſe ways of mer chandize, who only buy up hearts at that vain price, and never make a Barter, but a Purchaſe. Youth has a better way of trading in Loves Markets, and you have taught me too well to judge of, and to value Beauty, to dare to bid ſo cheaply for it; I found the toy was gay, the work was neat, and fancy new; and know not any thing they wou'd ſo well adorn as *Silvia's* lovely hands: I ſay, if after this, I should have been the mercenary fool to have dunn'd you for return, you might have us'd me thus;—— Condemn me e're you find me ſin in thought; that part of it was yet ſo far behind 'twas ſcarce arriv'd in wish. You shou'd have ſtaid till it approacht more near, before you damn'd it to eternal ſilence. To love, to ſigh,

to

— to weep, to pray, and to complain; why one may be allow'd it in Devotion; but you, nicer than Heaven it ſelf, makes that a Crime, which all the powers Divine have ne're decreed one I will not plead, nor ask you leave to love; Love is my right, my buſineſs, and my Province; the Empire of the young, the vigorous, and the bold; and I will claim my ſhare; the Air, the Groves, the Shades, are mine to ſigh in, as well as your *Philanders*, the Eccho's anſwer me as willingly, when I complain or Name the cruel *Silvia*; Fountains receive my Tears, and the kind Springs reflection agreeably flatters me to hope; and makes me vain enough to think it juſt and reaſonable I ſhou'd purſue the Dictates of my Soul—Love on in ſpight of oppoſition, becauſe I

will not loſe my Priviledge, you may forbid me naming it to you, in that I can obey, becauſe I can; but not to love! not to adore the fair! and not to languiſh for you, were as impoſſible as for you not to be lovely, not to be the moſt charming of your Sex. But I am ſo far from a pretending fool, becauſe you've been poſſeſt, that often that thought comes croſs my Soul, and checks my advancing Love! and I wou'd buy that thought off with all moſt all my ſhare of future bliſs! Were I a God, the firſt great Miracle ſhou'd be to form you a Maid again! For oh, what ever reaſons flattering Love can bring to make it look like juſt, the World! the World fair *Silvia*, ſtill will cenſure, and ſay —you were too blame, but 'twas that fault alone that made you mortal, we

elſe

elſe ſhou'd have ador'd you as a Deity, and ſo have loſt a generous race of young ſucceeding *Hero's*, that may be born of you! yet had *Philander* lov'd but half ſo well as I, he wou'd have kept your glorious Fame intire, but ſince alone for *Silvia*, I love *Silvia!* let her be falſe to honour, falſe to Love! wanton and proud, ill natur'd, vain, fantaſtique; or what is worſe—let her purſue her Love, be conſtant and ſtill dote upon *Philander* ——Yet ſtill ſhe'l be the *Silvia* I adore, that *Silvia* born eternally to inſlave.

Octavio.

This he ſent by *Florio* his Page at the ſame time that ſhe expected the Viſit of his Lord, and bluſht with a little anger and concern at the diſappointment; however ſhe

haſted to read the Letter, and was pleas'd with the haughty reſolution he made, in ſpight of her, to love on as his right by birth; and ſhe was glad to find from theſe poſitive reſolves, that ſhe might the more ſafely diſdain, or at leaſt aſſume a Tyranny which might render her vertue Glorious, and yet at the ſame time keep him her ſlave on all occaſions when ſhe might have need of his ſervice, which in the circumſtances ſhe was in, ſhe did not know of what great uſe it might be to her, ſhe having no other deſign on him, bating the little Vanity of her Sex, which is an ingredient ſo intermixt with the greateſt vertues of Women kind, that thoſe who indeavour to cure 'em of that diſeaſe, robs 'em of a very conſiderable pleaſure, and in moſt, 'tis incurable: Give *Silvia* then leave

leave to ſhare it with her Sex, ſince ſhe was ſo much the more excuſable by how much a greater portion of Beauty ſhe had than any other, and had ſenſe enough to know it too; as indeed whatever other Knowledge they want, they have ſtill enough to ſet a price on beauty, tho they do not always rate it, for had *Silvia* done that, ſhe had been the hapieſt of her Sex! but as ſhe was, ſhe waited the coming of *Octavio*, but not ſo as to make her quit one ſad thought for *Philander*. Love and vanity, tho they both reign'd in her Soul, yet the firſt ſurmounted the laſt, and she grew to impatient ravings when ever she caſt a thought upon her fear that *Philander* grew cold; and poſſibly pride and vanity had as great a ſhare in that concern of hers as Love it ſelf, for she wou'd

oft ſurvey her ſelf in her Glaſs, and cry! *Gods! can this Beauty be deſpis'd! this Shape, this Face, this Youth, this Air, and what's more obliging yet, a heart that adores the fugitive, that languiſh and ſighs after the dear Run,away: Is it poſſible he can find a Beauty,* added she, *of greater perfection — Bnt oh 'tis fancy ſets the rate on Beauty; and he may as well love a third time as he has a Second: For in Love thoſe that once break the rules and Laws of that Deity ſet no bounds to their Treaſons, and diſobedience. Yes yes-* wou'd she cry, *he that cou'd leave* Mertilla *the fair, the young, the Noble, Chaſt and fond* Mertilla, *what after that may he not do to* Silvia, *on whom he has leſs tyes, leſs obligations: Oh wretched Maid — what has thy fondneſs done! he's ſatiated now with thee, as before with* Mertilla, *and carries all thoſe*

dear

dear, thoſe charming joys, to ſome new Beauty, whom his looks have Conquer'd, and whom his ſoft bewitching Vows will ruin! with that she rav'd and ſtampt, and cry'd aloud! *Hell — Fiers — Tortures — Dagers — Racks and Poyſon-come all to my relief! Revenge me on the perjur'd lovely Diva! — But I'le be brave — I will be brave and hate him* — This she ſpoke in a tone leſs fierce, and with great Pride, and had not paws'd and walk'd above a haſty turn or two, but *Octavio* as impatient as love cou'd make him, enter'd the Chamber, ſo dreſt; ſo ſet out for Conqueſt, that I wonder at nothing more than that *Silvia* did not find him altogether Charming, and fit for her revenge who was form'd by Nature for Love: And had all that cou'd render him the Dotage of Women; but where a heart is pre-

poſſeſt, all that is Beautiful in any other Man ſerves but as an ill compariſon to what it loves, and even *Philanders* likeneſs, that was not indeed *Philander*, wanted the ſecret to charm. At *Octavio's* enterance she was ſo fixt on her Revenge of Love, that she did not ſee him who preſented himſelf as ſo proper an Inſtrument, till he firſt ſighing, ſpoke, *Ah* Silvia, *ſhall I never ſee that Beauty eaſie more? Shall I never ſee it reconcil'd to content, and a ſoft calmneſs fixt upon thoſe Eyes, which were form'd for looks all tender and ſerene, or are they reſolv'd* (continued he ſighing) *never to appear but in ſtorms when I approach? Yes*, replyed she, *when there's a Calm of Love in yours that raiſes it. Will you confine my Eyes* (ſaid he) *that are by Nature ſoft? May not their ſilent Language tell you my hearts*

ſad

ſad Story? But she reply'd with a ſigh, *it is not generouſly done* Octavio, *thus to purſue a poor unguarded Maid, left to your Care, your promiſes of Friendſhip. Ah will you uſe* Philander *with ſuch treachery?* Silvia, ſaid he, *my Flame's ſo juſt and reaſonable, that I dare even to him pronounce I love you, and after that dare love you on —— And wou'd you* (ſaid she) *to ſatisfie a little ſhort liv'd paſſion, forfeit thoſe vows you've made of Friendſhip to* Philander? *That heart that loves you* Silvia (he replyed) *cannot be guilty of ſo baſe a thought*, Philander *is my Friend, and as he is ſo, ſhall know the deareſt ſecrets of my Soul. I ſhou'd believe my ſelf indeed ungrateful* (continued he) *where e're I lov'd, ſhou'd I not tell* Philander, *he told me frankly all his Soul, his loves, his griefs, his Treaſons, and eſcapes, and in return I'le pay him*

back with mine, and do you Imagine (said she) *that he wou'd permit your love, how shou'd he hinder me* (reply'd he.) *I do believe* (said she) *he'd forfeit all his safety and his friendship and fight ye, then I'd defend my self*, said he, *if he were so ungrateful* While they thus argued *Silvia* had her thoughts a part, on the little stratagems that VVomen in love sometimes make use of, and *Octavio* no sooner told her he would send *Philander* word of his Love, but she imagin'd that such a knowledge might retrieve the heart of her Lover, if indeed it were on the wing, and revive the dying Embers in his Soul, as usually it does from such occasions, and on the other side she thought that she might more allowably receive *Octavio's* addresses, when they were with the permission of *Philander*, if he cou'd

ou'd love ſo ill as to permit it, and if he cou'd not, she shou'd have the joy to undeceive her fears of his inconſtancy tho she banisht for ever the agreeable *Octavio*, ſo that on *Octavio's* farther urging the neceſſity of his giving *Philander* that ſure mark of his friendship, she permitted him to write, which he immediately did on her Table where there ſtood a little Silver Scrutore which contain'd all things for his purpoſe.

Octavio *to* Philander.

My Lord

SInce I have vow'd you my Eternal friendship, and that I abſolutely believe my ſelf honour'd with that of yours, I think my ſelf oblig'd by thoſe powerful

tyes

tyes to let you know my heart, not only now as that friend from whom I ought to conceal nothing, but as a Rival too, whom in honour I ought to treat as a generous one; perhaps you will be so unkind as to say I cannot be a friend and a Rival at the same time, and that almighty love that sets the world at odds, chases all things from the heart, where that reigns, to establish it self the more absolutely there, but, my Lord, I avow mine a Love of that good Nature, that can indure the equal sway of friendship, where like two perfect Friends they support each others Empire there, nor can the glory of one Eclipse that of the other, but both like the notion we have of the Deity, tho two distinct passions make but one in my Soul, and tho friendship first enter'd 'twas in vain I call'd it to my aid, at the

first

firſt ſoft invaſion of *Silvia's* power; and you my charming friend, are the moſt oblig'd to, pitty me, who already knows ſo well the force of her beauty I wou'd fain have you think, I ſtrove at firſt with all my reaſon againſt the irriſiſtible luſtre of her eyes. And at the firſt aſſaults of Love, I gave him not a welcome to my boſome, but like ſlaves unus'd to fetters, I grew ſullen with my chains, and wore 'em for your ſake uneaſily. I thought it baſe to look upon the Miſtreſs of my friend with wishing eyes; but ſofter Love ſoon furnisht me with arguments to juſtifie my claim, ſince Love is not the choice but the face of the Soul, who ſeldom regards the object lov'd as 'tis, but as it wiſhes to have it be, and then kind fancy makes it ſoon the ſame. Love that Almighty Creator of ſomthing from

from nothing, forms a Wit, a Hero, or a Beauty, Vertue, good Humour, Honour, any excellence, when oftenimes there's neither in the Object, but where the agreeing world has fixt all these, and 'tis by all resolv'd, (whether they love or not) that this is she, you ought no more *Philander* to upbraid my Flame; than to wonder at it: it is enough I tell you that 'tis *Silvia*, to justifie my passion! nor is't a Crime that I confess, I love! since it can never rob *Philander* of the least part of what I've vow'd him, or if his nicer Honour will believe me guilty of a fault, let this attone for all; that if I wrong my friend in loving *Silvia*, I right him in despairing, for oh I am repuls'd with all the Rigour of the coy, and fair, with all the little Malice of the wity Sex!

and

and all the Love of *Silvia* to *Philander*, —There, there's the ſtop to all my hopes, and happineſs, and yet by Heaven, I love thee, oh thou favour'd Rival!

After this frank Confeſſion, my *Philander*, I ſhou'd be glad to hear your ſentiment, ſince yet in ſpight of Love, in ſpight of Beauty I am reſolv'd

To dy Philanders

Conſtant Friend, Octavio.

After he had writ this, he gave it *to Silvia. See Charming Creature* (ſaid he in delivering it) *if after this you either doubt my Love or what I dare, for* Silvia. *I neither receive it* (ſaid ſhe) *as a proof of the one or the other; but rather that you believe by this frank Confeſſion, to render it as a piece of Gallantry*

and

and diverſion to Philander; *for no Man of ſenſe will imagine that, love, true, or arriv'd to any height, that makes a publique confeſſion of it to his Rival. Ah* Silvia anſwer'd he, *how malicious is your Wit, and how active to turn its pointed miſchief on me, had I not writ, you wou'd have ſaid I durſt not, and when I make a declaration of it, you call it only a ſlight piece of Gallantry! but* Silvia *you have wit enough to try it a thouſand ways, and power enough to make me obey; uſe the extremity of both; ſo you recompence me at laſt with a confeſſion that I was at leaſt found worthy to be numbred in the crow'd of your adorers.* Silvia reply'd, *he were a dull Lover indeed, that wou'd need inſtructions from the Wit of his Miſtreſs to give her proofs of his paſſion, what ever opinion you have of my ſenſe, I have too good a one of* Octavio's *to believe*

lieve that when he's a Lover he'le want aids to make it appear, till then we'le let that argument alone and consider his addreſs to Philander. She then read over the Letter he had writ, which ſhe lik'd very well for her purpoſe, for at this time our young Dutch *Hero* was made a property of, in order to her revenge on *Philander*. She told him *he had ſaid too much both for himſelf and her*. He told her, *he had declar'd nothing with his Pen; that he wou'd not make good with his Sword. Hold Sir,* ſaid ſhe, *and do not imagine from the freedom you have taken in owning your paſſion to* Philander, *that I ſhall allow it here; what you declare to the world is your own Crime, but when I hear it, 'tis no longer yours but mine, I therefore conjure you, my Lord, not to charge my Soul with ſo great a ſin againſt* Philander, *and I confeſs to*

you I ſhall be infinitely troubl'd to be oblig'd to baniſh you my ſight for ever. He heard her and anſwer'd with a ſigh, for ſhe went from him to the Table and ſeal'd her Letter and gave it him to be inclos'd to *Philander*, and left him to conſider on her laſt words which he did not lay to heart, becauſe he fancy'd ſhe ſpoke this as women do that will be won with induſtry, he in ſtanding up as she went from him, ſaw himſelf in the great glaſs, and bid his perſon anſwer his heart, which from every view he took, was reinforc'd with new hope, for he was too good a judge of Beauty not to find it in every part of his own Amiable perſon, nor cou'd he imagine from *Silvia*'s eyes, (which were naturally ſoft and languishing, and now the more ſo from her fears and jealouſies) that she meant

meant from her heart the rigours she expreſt: Much he allow'd for his short time of Courtship, much to her Sexes modeſty, much from her quality, and very much from her Love, and imagin'd it muſt be only time and aſſiduity, opportunity, and obſtinate paſſion, that was only capable of reducing her to break her faith with *Philander*, he therefore indeavour'd by all the good dreſſing, the advantage of lavish gayety, to render his perſon agreeable and by all the Arts of Gallantry to charm her with his converſation, and when he cou'd handſomly bring in love, he fail'd not to touch upon it as far as it wou'd be permitted, and every day had the vanity to fancy he made ſome advances, for indeed every day more and more she found she might have uſe for ſo conſiderable

a Perſon, ſo that one may very well ſay, never any paſt their time better than *Silvia* and *Octavio*, tho with different ends, all he had now to fear was from the anſwer *Philanders* Letter shou'd bring for whom he had in ſpight of Love, ſo intire a friendship that he even doubted whether, (if *Philander* cou'd urge reaſons potent enough) he shou'd not chuſe to dye and quit *Silvia* rather then be falſe to friendship; one Poſt paſt, and another, and ſo eight ſucceſſive ones, before they receiv'd one word of anſwer to what they ſent, ſo that *Silvia*, who was the moſt impatient of her Sex, and the moſt in Love was raving and acting all the extravagance of deſpair, and even *Octavio* now became leſs pleaſing, yet he fail'd not to Viſit her every day to ſend her rich preſents

and

and to say all that a fond Lover or a faithful friend might urge for her relief: at last *Octavio* receiv'd this following Leter.

Philander to Octavio.

YOu have shew'd *Octavio* a freedom so generous, and so beyond the usual Measures of a Rival, that 'twere almost injustice in me not to permit you to love on, if *Silvia* can be false, to me and all her vows, she is not worth preserving, if she prefer *Octavio* to *Philander*, then he has greater merit and deserves her best; but if on the contrary she be just, if she be true and constant, I cannot fear his Love will injure me, so either way *Octavio* has my leave to Love the Charming *Silvia*: alas I know her power

power, and do not wonder at thy fate! for 'tis as natural for her to Conquer, as 'tis for youth to yield, oh she has fascination in her Eyes! a spel upon her tongue, her Wit's a Philter, and her air and motion all snares for heedless hearts; her very faults have Charmes, her pride, her peevishness, and her disdain, have unresisted power. Alass you find it every day——and every Night she sweeps the Toore along, and shews the Beauty, she inslaves the Men, and Rivals all the Women! how oft with Pride and Anger I have seen it, and was the inconsidering Coxcombe then, to rave and rail at her; to curse her Charms, her fair inviting and perplexing Charmes, and bully'd every Gazer; by Heaven I cou'd not spare a smile, a look! and she has such a lavish freedom

in

in her humour, that if thou chance to love as I have done--'twil surely make thee mad, if she but talkt aloud, or put her little affectation on, to shew the wondering crowd what she cou'd do, if she design'd to shew the force of Beauty; oh God! how lost in rage, how mad with jealousie, was my fond breaking heart, my eyes grew fierce, and Clamorous my Tongue! and I have scarce contain'd my self from hurting, what I so much ador'd! but then the subtil Charmer, had such Arts to flatter me to peace again--to clasp her lovely arms about my neck--to sigh a thousand dear confirming vows into my Bosom, and kiss, and smile, and swear--and talk away my rage,--and then-- Oh my *Octavio!* no humane, fancy, can present the joy of the dear reconciling moment

moment, where little quarrels rais'd the rapture higher, and she was always new. These are the wondrous pains, and wondrous pleasures, that Love by turns inspires; till it grows wise by time and repetition, and then the God assumes a serious gravity, injoyment takes off the uneasie keenes of the passion, the little jealous quarrels raise no more, quarrels the very Feathers of Loves darts, that send 'em with more swiftnes to the heart; and when they cease, your transports lessen too, then we grow reasonable, and consider; we love with prudence then; as Fencers fight with foyls; a sullen brush perhaps sometimes or so; but nothing that can touch the heart, and when we are arriv'd to love at that dull easie rate, we never die of that Disease, then we've recourse to all the little Arts, the

the aids of flatterers, and dear diſſimulation (that help meet to the luke warme Lover) to keep up a good Character of conſtancy and a right underſtanding.

Thus, *Octavio*, I have ran thro' both the degrees of Love; which I have taken ſo often, that I am grown moſt learn'd and able in the Art: My eaſie heart is of the Conſtitution of thoſe whom frequent ſickneſs renders apt to take relapſes from every little cauſe, or wind, that blows too fiercely on 'em, it renders it ſelf to the firſt effects of new ſurprizing Beauty, and finds ſuch pleaſure, in beginning paſſion, ſuch dear delight of fancying new injoyment, that all paſt loves, paſt Vow, and obligations, have power to bind no more; no pitty, no remorce, no threatning danger, invades my amorous courſe;

I ſcowre along the flow'ry plains of Love, view all the charming proſpect at a diſtance, which repreſents it ſelf all gay and glorious! and long to lay me down, to ſtretch and bask in thoſe dear joys that fancy makes ſo raviſhing; nor am I one of thoſe dull whining ſlaves, whom quallity or my reſpect can awe into a ſilent Cringer, and no more! no, Love, Youth, and oft ſucceſs has taught me boldneſs and Art, deſire and cunning to attaque, to ſearch the feeble ſide of femal weakneſs, and there to play Loves Engines, for Women will be won, they will *Octavio*! if Love and wit find any opportunity,

Perhaps, my friend, you're wondring now, what this diſcourſe, this odd diſcovery of my own inconſtancy tends to? Then ſince I cannot better pay you back the ſecret

you have told me of your Love, than by another of my own, take this confeſſion from thy Friend ——I love! —I languiſh, and am dying, — for a new Beauty. To you, *Octavio*, you that have liv'd twenty dull tedious years, and never underſtood the Myſtery of Love, till *Silvia* taught you to adore; this change may ſeem a wonder, you that have laſily run more than half your youths gay courſe of life away; without the pleaſure of one nobler hour of mine! who like a Miſer hoord your ſacred ſtore, or ſcantily have dealt it but to one, think me a laviſh prodigal in love, and gravely will reproach me with inconſtancy, ——but uſe me like a friend and hear my ſtory.

It happen'd in my laſt days journey, on the road I overtook a man of quality, for ſo his E-

quipage conſeſt, we joyn'd and fell into diſcourſe of many things indifferent, till from a Chain of of one thing to another, we chanc'd to talk of *France*, and of the Factions there, and I ſoon found him a *Cæſarian*; for he Grew hot with his concern for that Prince, and fiercely own'd his int'reſt, this pleas'd me, and I grew familier with him; and I pleas'd him ſo well, in my Devotion for *Cæſario*, that being ariv'd at *Collen*, he invites me home to his Pallace, which he beg'd I would make uſe of as my own, during my ſtay at *Collen*. Glad of the opportunity I obey'd; and ſoon inform'd my ſelf by a Spaniſh *P*age (that waited on him) to whom I was oblig'd, he told me it was the Count of *Clarinau*, a Spaniard born and of quality, who for ſome diſguſt

at

at Court retir'd hither; that he was a perſon of much gravity a great polititian, and very rich; and tho well in years was lately married to a very Beautiful young Lady, and that very much againſt her conſent: A Lady whom he had taken out of a Monaſtery, where ſhe had been pentioned from a Child, and of whom he was ſo fond and jealous, he never wou'd permit her to ſee or be ſeen by any Man, and if ſhe took the Air in her Coach, or went to Church, he oblig'd her to wear a Veil. Having learnt thus much of the Boy, I diſmiſs'd him with a preſent; for he had already inſpir'd me with curioſity, that prologue to love, and I knew not of what uſe he might be hereafter; a curioſity that I was reſolv'd to ſatisfie, tho I broke all the laws of hoſpitality, and even

that firſt Night I felt an impatience that gave me ſome wonder; in fine, three days I languiſht out in a diſorder that was very near alied to that of Love. I found my ſelf magnificently lodg'd, attended with a formal Ceremony, and indeed all things were as well as I cou'd imagine, bating a kind opportunity to get a ſight of this young Beauty: now half a Lover grown, I ſigh and grew oppreſt with thought, and had recourſe to Groves, to ſhady walks and Fountains, of which the delicate Gardens aforded variety, the moſt reſembling nature, that ever Art produc'd, and of the moſt Melancholly receſſes, fancying there in ſome lucky hour, I might incounter what I already ſo much ador'd in *Idea*: Which ſtill I form'd juſt as my fancy wiſht, there, for the firſt

two

two days, I walkt, and ſight, and told my new born paſſion to every gentle Wind that play'd among the boughs, for yet no Lady bright appear'd beneath 'em, no Viſionary Nymph the Groves afforded, but on the third day, all full of Love and Stratagem in the cool of the Evening, I paſt into a Thicket near a little Rivulet, that purl'd and murmur'd thro the glad, and paſt into the Meads, this pleas'd and fed my preſent Amorous humour, and down I laid my ſelf on the ſhady brink, and liſten'd to its melancholly glidings, when from behind me, I heard a ſound more raviſhing, a Voice that ſung theſe Words,

Alas

Alas, in vain, you Powers above,
You gave me youth, you gave me
Charms,
And every tender sense of Love;
To destin me to old Phileno's *Arms,*
Ah how can youths gay spring allow,
The chilling kisses of the Winter's Snow.

All Night I languish by his side,
And fancy of joys I never taste,
As men in Dreams a Feast provide,
And waking find with grief they fast.
Either ye Gods my Youthful fires alay,
Or make the old Phileno, *young*
and Gay.

Like a fair flower in shades obscurity,
Tho every sweet adorns my head,
Ungather'd, unadmir'd I lie.
And wither on my silent gloomy Bed,
While no kind aids to my relief appear,
And no kind Bosom makes me Tri-
umph there.

By this you may easily guess,
as

as I ſoon did, that the Song was ſung by Madam the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, as indeed it was; at the very beginning of her Song my joyful Soul divin'd it ſo! I roſe and advanc'd by ſuch ſlow degrees as neither alarm'd the fair Singer, nor hinder'd me the pleaſure of hearing any part of the Song, till I approacht ſo near as (behind the ſhelter of ſome jeſimin that divided us). I unſeen, compleated thoſe wounds at my Eyes, which I had receiv'd before at my Ears. Yes, *Octavio*, I ſaw the lovely *Clarinau*! leaning on a Pillow made of ſome of thoſe Jeſimins, which favour'd me, and ſerv'd her for a Canopy. But, Oh my Friend! how ſhall I preſent her to thee in that Angel form, ſhe then appear'd to me? all young! all raviſhing as new born light to loſt benighted Tra-

vellers; her Face, the faireſt in the World was adorn'd with Curls of ſhining jett ty'd up--I know not how, all careleſsly with Scarlet Ribbon mixt with pearls; her Robe was gay and rich, ſuch as young Royal Brides put on when they undreſs for joys! her Eyes were black, the ſofteſt Heaven e're made, her mouth was ſweet, and form'd for all delight, ſo red her Lips, ſo round, ſo grac'd with dimples, that without one other Charm, that was enough to kindle warm deſires about a frozen heart! a ſprightly air of Wit compleated all, increas'd my Flame; and made me mad with love! endleſs it were to tell thee all her Beauties, Nature all o're, was laviſh and profuſe, let it ſuffice her face, her ſhape, her mien, had more of Angel in 'em than humanity!

manity! I ſaw her thus all Charming! thus ſhe lay! a ſmiling melancholly dreſt her Eyes, which ſhe had fixt upon the Rivulet, near which I found her lying: juſt ſuch I fancy'd fam'd *Lucretia* was, when *Tarquin* firſt beheld her, nor was that Royal Raviſher more inflam'd than I! or readier for th'incounter. Alone ſhe was which heighten'd my deſires! Oh Gods! alone lay the, young lovely Charmer, with wiſhing Eyes, and all prepar'd for Love! the ſhade was gloomy, and the tell tale leaves combin'd ſo cloſe, they muſt have given us warning, if any had approacht from either ſide! all favour'd my deſign and I advanc'd! but with ſuch caution as not to inſpire her with a fear, inſtead of that of Love! a ſlow, uneaſie pace, with folded Arms, Love in my Eyes,

and

and burning in my heart.—At my approach she scarce contain'd her cries,and rose surpriz'd and blushing,discovering to me such a proportion'd height—so lovely and Majestick—that I stood gazing on her,all lost in Wonder,and gave her time to dart her Eyes at me,and every look pierc'd deeper to my Soul,and I had no sense but love, silent admiring Love! Immoveable I stood,and had no other motion but that of a heart all painting, which lent a feeble trembling to my Tongue,and even when I wou'd have spoke to her, it sent a sigh up, to prevent my boldness:and,Oh *Octavio*,tho I have been bread in all the sawcy daring of a forward Lover,yet now I wanted a convenient impudence, aw'd with a haughty sweetness in her look, like a Fave. brave after avigorous on set,finding the danger fly so thick around him,

sheers

ſheers off and dares not face the preſſing Foe, ſtruck with too fierce a lightening from her eyes, whence the God ſent a thouſand winged Darts, I veil'd my own and durſt not play with Fire; while thus ſhe hotly did puſue her Conqueſt, and I ſtood fixt on the defenſive part, I heard a ruſling amongſt the thick Grown Leaves, and thro' their Myſtick windings ſoon perceiv'd the good old Count of *Clarinau*, approaching, Muttering and mumbling to old *Dormina*, the Dragon appointed to guard this lovely Treaſure, and which, ſhe having left alone in the Thicket, and had retir'd but at an awful diſtance had moſt extreamly diſoblig'd her Lord. I only had time enough in this little moment, to look with eyes that ask'd a thouſand pitties, and told her in their ſilent Language

how

how loath they were to leave the Charming Object, and with a ſigh——I vaniſht from the wondering fair One, nimble as lightening, ſilent as a ſhade: To my firſt poſt behind the Jeſimins, that was the utmoſt that I cou'd perſwade my heart to do; you may believe my dear *Octavio*, I did not bleſs the Minute that brought old *Clarinau* to that dear receſs, nor him, nor my own fate, and to compleat my torment I ſaw him (after having gravely reproach'd her for being alone without her Woman) yes I ſaw him, fall on her neck, her lovely Snowy neck, and ſoll, and kiſs, and hang his tawny wither'd Arms on her fair Shoulders, and preſs his nauſcious load upon *Caliſta's* Body, (for ſo I heard him name her) while ſhe was gazing ſtill upon the empty place, whence ſhe had

ſeen

ſeen me vaniſh, which he perceiving cry'd. —— *My little Fool, what is't thou gazeſt on, turn to thy none old man and buſs him ſoundly* —— when putting him by with a diſdain, that half made amends for the injury he had done me by coming. *Ah my Lord*, cry'd ſhe, *even now, juſt there I ſaw a lovely viſion, I ne're beheld ſo excellent a thing*; *How*, cry'd he, *a viſion, a thing* —— *what Viſion what thing, where, how, and when--Why there*, ſaid ſhe, *with my eyes, and juſt now, it vaniſht behind yon Jeſſimins*: With that I drew my Sword --for I diſpair'd to get off unknown, and being well enough acquainted with the jealous nature of the Spaniards, which is no more then ſee and ſtab, I prepar'd to ſtand on my defence, till I cou'd reconcile him if poſſible to reaſon; yet even in that moment I

was

was more afraid of the injury he might do the innocent fair One then of what he cou'd to me, but he not ſo much as dreaming ſhe meant a Man by her lovely Viſion, fell a kiſſing her a new, and beckning *Dormina* off to pimp at diſtance, told her, *The Grove was too ſweet, the Rivers Murmurs too delicate, and ſhe was ſo curiouſly dreſt, that altogether had inſpir'd him with a love fit*, and then aſſaulting her a new with a Sneere which you have ſeen a Satyr make in Pictures, he fell to act the little tricks of youth, that lookt ſo goatiſh in him —— inſtead of kindling 'twou'd have dampt a flame, which ſhe reſiſted with a ſcorn ſo charming gave me new hope and fire, when to oblige me more, with Pride, diſdain, and loathing in her Eyes, ſhe fled like *Daphne* from the Raviſher,

er, he being bent on love perſu'd her, with a feeble pace, like an old Wood God chacing ſome coy Nimph, who wing'd with fear out ſtrips the flying VVind, and tho a God he cannot overtake her; and left me fainting with new love, new hope, new jealouſie, impatience, ſighs, and wiſhes, in the abandon'd Grove Nor cou'd I go without another view of that dear place in which I ſaw her lie, I went–and laid me down juſt on the print which her fair body made, and preſt, and kiſt it o're a thouſand times, with eager tranſports, and even fancy'd fair *Caliſta* there; there 'twas I found the paper with the Song which I have ſent you; there I ran o're a thouſand Stratagems to gain another view, no little States men had more Plots and Arts, than I to gain this. Object I

ador'd;

ador'd the ſoft Idea of my bur-ning heart, now raging wild; a-bandon'd all to Love and looſe deſire, but hitherto my induſtry is vain, each day I haunt the the thickeſt Groves and Springs, the flow'ry VValks, cloſe Arbors, all the day my buſie Eyes and heart are ſearching her, but no intelligence they bring me in; in fine *Octavio*, all that I can ſince learn is, that the bright *Caliſta* had ſeen a Viſion in the Garden, and ever ſince was ſo poſſeſt with melancholy, that ſhe had not ſince quited her Chamber, ſhe is daily preſſing the Count to permit her to go into the Garden to ſee if ſhe can again incounter the love-ly *Phantom*, but whether from a-ny Deſcription ſhe have made of it, (or from any other cauſe) he imagines who it was, I know not, but he indeavours all he can to hinder

hinder her, and tells her 'tis not lawful to tempt heaven by invoking an apparition, so that till a second view eases the torments of my mind there is nothing in nature to be conceiv'd so raving mad as I: as if my despairs of finding her again increas'd my impatient flame instead of lessening it.

After this declaration judge *Octavio*, who has given the greatest proofs of his friendship, you or I: You being my Rival trust me with the Secret of loveing my Mistress, which can no way redound to your disadvantage, but I by telling you the secrets of my Soul, put it into your power to ruin me with *Silvia*, and to establish your self in her heart? a thought I yet am not willing to bear, for I have an ambition in my love, that wou'd not

not while I am toyling for Empire here, loſe my dominion in another place; but ſince I can no more rule a Womans heart, than a Lovers Fate, both you and *Silvia*, may deceive my opinion in that, but ſhall never have power to make me believe you leſs my friend, than I am

Your Philander.

POSTCRIPT.

The inclos'd I need not oblige you to deliver: You ſee I give you opportunity.

Octavio no ſooner arriv'd to that part of the Letter which nam'd the Count of *Clerinau*, but he ſtop'd and was ſcarce able to proceed, for the Charming *Caliſta* was his Siſter, the only one he had who

who having been bred in a Nunnery was taken thence to be married to this old rich Count, who had a great Fortune: Before he proceeded, his Soul divin'd this was the new Amour that had ingag'd the heart of his Friend, he was afraid to be farther convinc'd, and yet a curiosity to know how far he had proceeded made him read it out with all the disorder of a man jealous of his Honour, and nicely careful of his Fame; he consider'd her young about eighteen, married to an Old ill favour'd jealous Husband, no Parents but himself to right her wrongs, or revenge her levety, he knew tho she wanted no Wit she did Art, for being bred without the Conversation of Men she had not learnt the little cunnings of her Sex, he guest by his own Soul that hers was soft and

apt

apt for impreſſion, he judg'd from her Confeſſion to her Husband of the Viſion, that ſhe had a ſimple Innocence, that might betray a a young Beauty under ſuch Circumſtances; to all this he conſider'd the Charms of *Philander* unreſiſtable, his unwearied induſtry in love, and concludes his Siſter loſt. At firſt he upbraids *Philander*, and calls him ungrateful, but ſoon thought it unreaſonable to accuſe himſelf of an injuſtice, and excuſ'd the frailty of *Philander*, ſince he knew not that ſhe whom he ador'd was Siſter to his friend; however it fail'd not to poſſeſs him of with inquietude that exercis'd all his Wit, to conſider how he might prevent an inſeparable injury to his Honour, and an intrigue that poſſibly might coſt his Siſter her Life, as well as Fame: In midſt of

of all thoſe torments he forgot not the more important buſineſs of his Love. For to a Lover, who has his Soul perfectly fixt on the fair object of its adoration, what ever other thought, fatigue, and cloud, his mind, that like a ſoft Gleam of new ſprung light, darts in and ſpreads a glory all around, and like the God of day chears every drooping vital, yet even theſe dearer thoughts wanted not their torments. At firſt he ſtrove to attone for the fears of *Caliſta*, with thoſe of imagining *Philander* falſe to *Silvia*. *Well*, cry'd he, —*If thou be ſt loſt* Caliſta, *at leaſt thy ruin has laid a foundation for my happineſs, and every Triumph* Philander *makes of thy Vertue, it the more ſecures my Empire over* Silvia, *and ſince thy Brother cannot be happy; but by the Siſters being undone, yield thou, oh faithleſs fair one,*

one, yield to Philander *and make me bleſt in* Silvia! *And thou* (continued he) *Oh perjur'd Lover and inconſtant Friend, glut thy inſatiate flame — rifle* Caliſta *of every Vertue Heaven and Nature gave her, ſo I may but revenge it on thy* Silvia! Pleas'd with this joyful hope he traverſes his Chamber glowing and bluſhing with new kindling fire, his heart that was all gay, defus'd a gladneſs, that expreſt it ſelf in every Feature of his lovely face, his eyes that were by nature languiſhing, ſhone now with an unuſual Air of briskneſs, Smiles grac'd his mouth, and dimples dreſt his face, inſenſibly his buſie fingers trick and dreſs, and ſet his hair, and without deſigning it, his feet are bearing him to *Silvia*, till he ſtept ſhort and wonder'd whither he was going, for yet it was not time to make his Viſit --

Whether

Whither fond Heart, (ſaid he) *O whither wou'dſt thou hurry this Slave to thy ſoft fires*! And now returning back he paws'd and fell to thought— He remember'd how impatiently *Sylvia* waited the return of the anſwer he writ to him, wherein he own'd his paſſion for that Beauty. He knew ſhe permitted him to write it, more to raiſe the little brisk fires of Jealouſie in *Philander*, and to ſet an edge on his blunted love, than from any favours ſhe deſign'd *Octavio*: And that on this anſwer depended all her happineſs, or the confirmation of her doubts, and that ſhe wou'd meaſure *Philanders* love by the effects ſhe found there of it. So that never Lover had ſo hard a game to play as our new one. He knew he had it now in his power to ruin his Rival, and to make almoſt his own terms

with his fair Conquereſs, but he conſider'd the ſecret was not rendered him for ſo baſe an end, nor cou'd his love advance it ſelf by wayes ſo falſe, dull, and criminal,—between each thought he paws'd, and now reſolves ſhe muſt know he ſent an anſwer to his Letter, for ſhou'd ſhe know he had, and that he shou'd refuſe her the ſight of it, he believ'd with reaſon she ought to banish him for ever her preſence, as the moſt diſobedient of her Slaves. He walks and pawſes on—but no kind thought preſents it ſelf to ſave him; either way he finds himſelf undone, and from the moſt gay, and moſt triumphing Lover on the Earth, he now, with one ſerious thought of right reaſoning, finds he is the moſt miſerable of all the Creation! He reads the Superſcription of that *Philander* writ to *Silvia*, which was inclos'd in his, and finds

finds it was directed only — For *Silvia*, which wou'd plainly demonſtrate it came not ſo into *Holland*, but that ſome other cover ſecur'd it; ſo that never any, but *Octavio* the moſt nice in Honour, had ever ſo great a conteſt with Love and Friendſhip: for his Noble temper was not one of thoſe that cou'd Sacrifice his friend to his little Luſts, or his more ſolid paſſion, but truly brave, reſolves now rather to die than to confeſs *Philanders* Secret, to evade which he ſent her Letter by his Page, with one from himſelf, and commanded him to tell her that he was going to receive ſome Commands from the Prince of *Orange*, and that he wou'd wait on her himſelf in the Evening. The Page obeys, and *Octavio* ſent him with a ſigh and Eyes, that languiſhingly told him,

he did it with regreet.

The Page hasting to *Silvia*, finds her in all the disquiet of an expecting Lover, and snatching the Papers from his hand, the first she saw was that from *Philander*, at which she trembl'd with fear and joy, for Hope, Love and Despair at once seiz'd her, and hardly able to make a sign with her hand for the Boy to withdraw, she sunk down into her Chair all pale, and almost fainting, but reassuming her Courage, she open'd it, and read this.

Philander *to* Silvia.

AH *Silvia*! Why all these Doubts and Fears? Why at this distance, do you accuse your Lover, when he's uncapable to fall before you, and undeceive

ceive your little jealouſies. Oh *Silvia*, I fear this firſt reproaching me, is rather the effects of your own guilt, than any that love can make you think of mine. Yes, yes, my *Silvia*, 'tis the Waves that roul, and glide away, and not the ſteady ſhore. 'Tis you begin to unfaſten from the Vows that hold you, and float along the flattering Tide of Vanity. 'Tis you, whoſe Pride and Beauty, ſcorning to be confin'd, gives way to the admiring Croud, that ſigh for you. Yes, yes, you, like the reſt of your fair glorious Sex, love the admirer tho you hate the Coxcomb. 'Tis vain! 'tis great! and ſhews your Beauties Power! – Is't poſſible, that for the ſafety of my Life, I cannot retire but you muſt think I'm fled from Love and *Silvia*! or is it poſſible that pitying tenderneſs

that made me uncapable of taking leave of her ſhou'd be interpreted as falſe— And baſe, —— and that an abſence of thirty days, ſo forc'd, and ſo compell'd muſt render me inconſtant,— loſt— ungrateful——· as if that after *Silvia* heaven e're made a Beauty that cou'd Charm me?

You charge my Letter with a thouſand faults, 'tis ſhort, 'tis cold, and wants thoſe uſual ſoftneſſes that gave 'em all their welcom, and their Graces. I fear my *Silvia* loves the flatterer, and not the Man, the Lover only, not *Philander*: And ſhe conſiders him not for himſelf, but the gay glorious thing he makes of her! Ah! too ſelf int'reſted! Is that your Juſtice? You ne'r allow for my unhappy circumſtances, you never think how care oppreſſes me: Nor what my Love contributes

to

to that care. How buſineſs, danger, and a thouſand ills, takes up my haraſs'd mind; by every power I love thee ſtill, my *Silvia*, but time has made us more familiar now, and we begin to leave off Ceremony, and come to cloſer joys, to joyn our int'reſt now, as people fixt, reſolv'd to live and die together; to weave our thoughts, and be united ſtronger. At firſt we ſhew the gayeſt ſide of Love, dreſs and be nice in every word and look, ſet out for conqueſt all; ſpread every Art, uſe every Stratagem —— but when the toyl is paſt, and the dear Victory gain'd, we then propoſe a little idle reſt, a little eaſie ſlumber; We then embrace, lay by the Gawdy ſhew, the Plumes and guilded Equipage of Love, the trappings of the Conqueror, and bring the naked Lo-

ver to your Arms; we ſhew him then uncas'd with all his little diſadvantages; perhaps the flowing hair, (thoſe Ebon Curles you have ſo often comb'd, and dreſt, and kiſt) are then put up and ſhew a fiercer Air, more like an Antique Roman than *Philander*, and ſhall I then, becauſe I want a Grace be thought to love you leſs; becauſe the embroider'd Coat, the Point, and Garniture's laid by, muſt I put off my Paſſion with my Dreſs? No, *Silvia*, love allows a thouſand little freedoms: Allows me to unboſom all my Secrets; tell thee my wants, my Fears, complaints and dangers, and think it great relief, if thou but ſigh and pitty me: And oft thy Charming wit has aided me, but now I find thee adding to my pain. Oh where ſhall I unload my weight of cares, when *Silvia*, who was wont

to

to ſigh, and weep, and ſuffer me to eaſe the heavy Burden, now grows diſpleas'd and peeviſh with my moans, and calls 'em the effects of dying love! inſtead of thoſe dear ſmiles, that fond bewitching prattle, that us'd to calm my rougheſt ſtorm of Grief, ſhe now reproaches me with coldneſs, want of concern and Lovers Rethorick: And when I ſeem to beg relief, and ſhew my Souls reſentment, tis then I'm falſe; 'tis my averſion! or the effects of ſome new kindling Flame! Is this fair dealing *Silvia*? can I not ſpare a little ſigh from love, but you muſt think I rob you of your due? If I omit a tender Name by which I us'd to call you, muſt I be thought to loſe that paſſion that taught me ſuch indearments? And muſt I ne're reflect upon the ruin both of my fame and For-

tune, but I muſt run the risk of loſing *Silvia* too? Oh cruelty of Love! Oh too, too fond and jealous Maid, what Crimes thy innocent paſſion can create, when it extends beyond the bounds of reaſon: Ah too, too nicely tender *Silvia*, that will not give me leave to caſt a thought back on my former glory; yet even that loſs I cou'd ſupport with tameneſs and content, if I believ'd my ſuffering reach'd only to my heart, but *Silvia*, if ſhe love, muſt feel my torments too, muſt ſhare my loſs, and want a thouſand Ornaments, my ſinking Fortune cannot purchaſe her; believe me Charming Creature, if I shou'd love you leſs, I have a ſenſe ſo juſt of what you've ſuffer'd for *Philander*, I'd be content to be a Galley Slave, to give thy Beauty, Birth and Love their due, but as

I am thy Faithful Lover ſtill, depend upon that Fortune Heaven has left me; which if thou canſt (as thou haſt often ſworn) then thou wou'dſt ſubmit to be cheerful ſtill, be gay and confident, and do not judge my heart by little words, my heart – too great and fond for ſuch poor demonſtrations.

You ask me *Silvia* where I am, and what I do; all I can ſay is that at preſent I am ſafe from any fears of being deliver'd up to *France*, and what I do, is ſighing, dying, grieving; I want my *Silvia*: But my Circumſtances, yet have nothing to incourage that hope, when I reſolve where to ſettle, you ſhall ſee what haſte I will make to have you brought to me: I am impatient to hear from you, and to know how that dear pledge of our ſoft hours advances. I mean what

what I believe I left thee poſſeſt of, a young *Philander*: Cheriſh it *Silvia*, for that's a certain Obligation, to keep a dying fire alive, be ſure you do it no hurt by your unneceſſary grief, tho there needs no other tie but that of Love to make me more intirely

Your Philander.

If *Silvia's* Fears were great before ſhe open'd the Letter, what were her pains when all thoſe fears were confirmed from that never failing mark of a declining Love, the coldneſs and alteration of the Stile of Letters, that firſt Symptom of a dying flame? *Oh where*, ſaid ſhe, *where, Oh perjur'd Charmer, is all that ardency that us'd to warm the Reader, where is all that Natural Innocence of Love that cou'd not, even to diſco-*

ver

ver and expreſs a Grace in Elo-quence, force one ſoft word, or one Paſſion. Oh, continued ſhe, *he is loſt and gone from* Silvia *and his Vows; ſome other has him all, Claſps that dear body, hangs upon that face, gazes upon his Eyes, and liſtens to his Voyce, when he is looking, ſighing, ſwearing, dying, lying and damning of himſelf for ſome new Beauty—— He is, I'le not indure it, aid me Antonett, Oh where's the perjur'd Traytor! Antonett* who was waiting on her ſeeing her riſe on the ſuddain in ſo great a fury wou'd have ſtaid her haſty turns and ravings, beſeeching her to tell her what was the occaſion, and by a diſcovery to eaſe her heart, but ſhe with all the fury imaginable, flung from her Arms, and ran to the Table, and ſnatching up a Penknife, had certainly ſent it to her heart had

not

not *Antonett* ſtept to her and caught her hand, which ſhe reſiſted not, but bluſhing reſign'd with telling her ſhe was aſham'd of her own Cowardize, *for*, ſaid ſhe, *if I had deſign'd to have been brave, I had ſent you off, and by a Noble reſolution have freed this Slave within* (ſtriking her Breaſt) *from a Tyranny which it ſhou'd diſdain to ſuffer under*: With that ſhe rag'd about the Chamber with broken words and imperfect threatnings, unconſider'd imprecations, and unheeded Vows and Oaths: at which *Antonett* redoubl'd her Petition to know the cauſe; and ſhe reply'd —Philander! *the dear, the ſoft, the fond and Charming* Philander *is now no more the ſame. Oh* Antonett ſaid ſhe, *didſt thou but ſee this Letter compar'd to thoſe of heretofore, when Love was gay and young, when new deſire dreſt*

his ſoft Eyes in tears, and taught his tongue the Harmony of Angels; when every tender word had more of paſſion then Volumes of this forc'd, this triffling buſineſs. Oh thou wou'dſt ſay I were the wretch'dſt thing that Nature ever made —— Oh thou wou'dſt curſe as I do —— Not the dear Murderer, but thy Frantick ſelf, thy mad, deceiv'd, believing, eaſie ſelf; if thou wert ſo undone —— Then while ſhe wept ſhe gave *Antonett* liberty to ſpeak, which was to perſwade her, her fear were vain; ſhe urg'd every argument of Love she had been Witneſs too, and cou'd not think it poſſible he cou'd be falſe: To all which the ſtill weeping *Silvia* lent a willing ear: For Lovers are much inclin'd to believe every thing they wish. *Antonett* having a little calm'd her, continu'd telling her that to be better convinc'd

convinc'd of his Love or his perfidy, she ought to have Patience till *Octavio* shou'd come to visit her, *For have you forgotten, Madam,* said she, *that that generous Rival has sent him word he is your Lover* : For *Antonett* was waiting at the reading of that Letter, nor was there any thing the open hearted *Silvia* conceal'd from that Servant; and Women, who have made a breach in their Honour, are seldom so careful of their rest of Fame, as those who have a Stock intire; and *Silvia* believ'd after she had trusted the Secret of one Amour to her discretion, she might conceal none. *See Madam,* says *Antonett, here is a Letter yet unread* : *Silvia* who had been a great while impatient for the return of *Octavio*'s answer from *Philander*, expecting from thence the confirmation of all her

her doubts: Haſtily ſnatch'd the Letter out of *Antonetts* hand, and read it, hoping to have found ſomething there to have eas'd her Soul one way or other: a Soul the moſt raging and haughty by Nature, that ever poſſeſt a Body, the Words were theſe.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

AT leaſt you'l pity me, Oh Charming *Silvia*, when you ſhall call to mind the cruel ſervices, I am oblig'd to render you; to be the Meſſenger of love from him, whom Beauty and that God plead ſo ſtrongly for already in your heart.

If after this, you can propoſe a torture; that yet may ſpeak my paſſion and obedience in any higher meaſure, command and

try

try my fortitude, for I too well divine, Oh rigorous Beauty, the buſineſs of your love ſick Slave will be, only to give you proofs how much he does adore you, and ne're to taſte a joy, even in a diſtant hope, like Lamps in Urns my laſting Fire muſt burn; without one kind material to ſupply it. Ah *Silvia*, if e're it be your wretched fate to ſee the Lord of all your Vows given to anothers Arms— When you ſhall ſee in thoſe ſoft eyes that you adore a languiſhment and joy, if you but name another Beauty to him :— When you behold his bluſhes fade and riſe at the approaches of another Miſtreſs.— Hear broken ſighs and unaſſur'd replys, when e're he anſwers ſome new conqueres: tremblings, and pantings ſeizing every part at the warm touch as of a ſecond Charmer

mer. Ah *Silvia* do but do me juſtice then, and ſighing ſay— I pitty poor *Octavio*.

Take here a Letter from the bleſt *Philander*, which I had brought my ſelf, but cannot bear the torment of that joy, that I ſhall ſee advancing in your eyes when you ſhall read it o're— no —'tis too much that I imagine all! yet bleſs that patient fondneſs of my Paſſion that makes me ſtill

Your Slave, and
Your Adorer.

Octavio.

At finiſhing this, the jealous fair One redoubl'd her tears with ſuch violence that 'twas in vain her Woman ſtrove to abate the flowing Tide by all the reaſonable

able arguments she cou'd bring to her aid, and *Silvia* to increase it, read again the latter part of the ominous Letter, which she wet with the tears that stream'd from her bright eyes. *Yes, yes,* (cry'd she laying the Letter down) *I know* Octavio *this is no Prophesie of yours, but a known truth; alas, you know too well the fatal time's already come when I shall find these changes in* Philander! *Ah Madam* reply'd Antonett, *how curious are you to search out torments for your own heart, and as much a Lover as you are, how little do you understand the Arts and Politicks of Love: Alas, Madam,* continu'd she, *you your self have arm'd my Lord* Octavio *with those Weapons that wound you: The last time he writ to my Lord* Philander, *he found you possest with a thousand fears and jealousies; of these*

these he took advantage to attaque his Rival, for what man is there so dull that wou'd not assault his Enemy in that part where the most considerable mischief may be done him; 'tis now Octavio's *Int'rest and his business to render* Philander *false, to give you all the umbrage that is possible of so powerful a Rival, and to say any thing that may render him hateful to you, or at least to make you love him less. Away,* reply'd *Silvia* (with an uneasie smile) *how fooliſh are thy reasonings, for were it possible I cou'd Love* Philander *less, is it to be imagin'd, that shou'd make way for* Octavio *in my heart, or any, after that dear deceiver? No doubt of it,* reply'd Antonett, *but that very effect it wou'd have on your heart, for Love in the Soul of a witty person is like a scain of Silk; to unwin'd it from the Bottom,*

you

you muſt wind it on another or it runs into confuſion and becomes of no uſe, and then of courſe, as one leſſens the other increaſes, and what Philander *loſes in Love,* Octavio *or ſome one induſtrious Lover will moſt certainly gain: Oh* reply'd Silvia *you are a great Phyloſopher in Love. I ſhou'd be Madam,* cry'd Antonett, *had I but had a good Memory, for I had a young Church man once in love with me, who has read many a Philoſophical Lecture to me upon Love; among the reſt he us'd to ſay the ſoul was all compos'd of Love. I us'd to ask him him then, if it were form'd of ſo ſoft Materials, how it came to paſs that we were no oftner in love, or why ſo many were ſo long before they lov'd, and others who never lov'd at all? No queſtion but he anſwer'd you wiſely,* ſaid Silvia careleſsly and ſighing, with her thoughts

thoughts but half attentive. *Marry and so he did*, cry'd Antonett, *at least I thought so then, because I loved a little.* He said, *Love of it self was unactive, but 'twas inform'd by Object, and then too that Object must depend on fancy (for Souls, tho all love, are not to love all) now fancy,* he said, *was sometimes nice, humourous, and fantastick, which is the reason we so often love those of no merit, and despise those that are most excellent; and sometimes fancy guides us to like neither, he us'd to say Women were like Misers, tho they had always love in store, they seldom car'd to part with it, but on very good int'rest and security,* Cent per Cent, *most commonly heart for heart at least, and for security he said we were most times too unconscionable, we ask'd Vows at least, at worst Matrimony* — Half angry, *Silvia* cry'd,

cry'd — *and what's all this to my loving againſt?* *Oh* Madam, reply'd Antonett, *he ſaid a Woman was like a Gameſter, if on the winning hand, hope, intereſt, and vanity made him play on, beſides the pleaſure of the play it ſelf; if on the loſing, then he continu'd throwing at all to ſave a ſtake at laſt, if not to recover all; ſo either way they find occaſion to continue the game. But oh,* ſaid *Silvia* ſighing, *what ſhall that Gameſter ſet, who has already play'd for all ſhe had, and loſt it at a caſt?* *Oh* Madam, reply'd Antonett, *The young and fair find Credit every where, there's ſtill a proſpect of a return, and that Gameſter that plays thus upon the tick is ſure to loſe but little, and if they win, 'tis all clear gains. I find,* ſaid *Silvia, you are a good manager in love; you are for the frugal part of it. Faith Madam,* ſaid Antonett, *I am in-*

deed

deed of that opinion, that love and int'reſt always do beſt together, as two moſt excellent ingredients in that rare Art of preſerving of Beauty. Love makes us put on all our Charms, and int'reſt gives us all the advantage of dreſs, without which Beauty is loſt, and of little uſe. Love wou'd have us appear always new, always gay, and magnificent, and money alone can render us ſo, and we find no Women want Lovers ſo much as thoſe who want Petticoats, Jewels, and all the neceſſary trifles of Gallantry. Of this laſt opinion I find you your ſelf to be; for even when Octavio *comes, on whoſe heart you have no deſign, I ſee you dreſs to the beſt advantage, and put on many, to like one: Why is this but that, even unknown to your ſelf, you have a ſecret joy and pleaſure in gaining Conqueſts, and of being ador'd and thought the moſt*

Charming of your Sex. That is not from the inconſtancy of my heart, cry'd *Silvia, but from the little vanity of our Natures. Oh Madam,* reply'd *Antonett, there is no friend to Love, like Vanity; it is the falſeſt betrayer of a Womans heart, of any Paſſion or humour ſhe can be guilty of, not Love it ſelf betrays her ſooner to Love than Vanity or Pride; and, Madam, I wou'd I might have the pleaſure of my next wiſh, when I find you not only liſt'ning to the love of* Octavio, *but even approving it too. Away,* reply'd *Silvia* in frowning, *your mirth grows rude and troubleſome,—Go bid the Page wait, while I return an anſwer to what his Lord has ſent me.* So ſitting at the Table ſhe diſmiſt *Antonett,* and writ this following Letter.

Silvia.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I find *Octavio* this little Gallantry of yours, of ſhewing me the Lover, ſtands you in very great ſtead, and ſerves you upon all occaſions for abundance of uſes, amongſt the reſt, 'tis no ſmall obligation you have to't, for furniſhing you with handſom pretences to keep from thoſe who importune you, and from giving 'em that ſatisfaction by your Council and Converſation which poſſibly the unfortunate may have need of ſometimes; and when you are preſt and oblig'd to render me the friendſhip of your Viſits, this neceſſary ready love of yours, is the only evaſion you have for the anſwering a thouſand little queſtions I ask

you of *Philander*; whoſe heart I am afraid you know much better than *Silvia* does, I cou'd almoſt wiſh *Octavio*, that all you tell me of your paſſion were true, that my commands might be of force ſufficient to compel you, to reſolve my heart in ſome doubts that oppreſs it, and indeed if you wou'd have me believe the one, you muſt obey me in the other, to which end I conjure you to haſten to me, for ſomething of an unuſual coldneſs in *Philanders* Letter, and ſome ominous divinations in yours, have put me on a rack of thought, from which nothing but Confirmation can relieve me, this you dare not deny if you value the repoſe

Of Silvia.

She

She read it over, and was often about to tear it, fancying it was tooo kind: But when she consider'd 'twas from no other inclination of her heart than that of getting the secrets out of his, she pardon'd her self the little levity she found it guilty off, all which considering as the effects of the violent *Passion* she had for *Philander*, she found it easie to do, and sealing it she gave it to *Antonett* to deliver to the Page, and set her self down to ease her soul of its heavy weight of grief, by her complaints to the dear Author of her pain; for when a Lover is insupportably afflicted there is no ease like that of writing to the person lov'd: And that all that comes uppermost in the Soul, for true love is all unthinking artless speaking, incorrect disorder, and without Method, as 'tis

without bounds or rules, such were *Silvia's* unstady'd thoughts, and such her following Letter.

Silvia *to* Philander.

OH my *Philander*, how hard it is to bring my Soul to doubt, when I consider all thy past tender vows, when I reflect how thou hast lov'd and sworn. Methinks I hear the Musick of thy voice still whispering in my bosom; methinks the Charming softness of thy words remain like lessening Eccho's on my Soul, whose distant Voyces by degrees decay, till they be heard no more! Alas I've read thy Letter o're and o're, and turn'd the sense a thousand several ways, and all to make it speak and look like Love—Oh I have flatter'd it with all my Art. Sometimes I fancy'd my ill

reading

reading ſpoil'd it, and then I tun'd my Voice to ſofter Notes, and read it o're again; but ſtill the words appear'd too rough and harſh for any moving Air, which way ſo e're I chang'd, which way ſo e're I queſtion'd it of love, it anſwer'd in ſuch Language— as others wou'd perhaps interpret love, or ſomething like it; but I who've heard the very God himſelf ſpeak from thy wondrous Lips, and known him guide thy Pen when all the eloquence of moving Angels flow'd from thy Charming Tongue! when I have ſeen thee fainting at my feet, (whil'ſt all Heaven open'd in thy glorious face) and now and then ſigh out a trembling word; in which there was contain'd more love, more Soul, than all the Arts of ſpeaking ever found. What ſenſe! Oh! what reflections

muſt I make on this decay, this ſtrange — this ſuddain alteration in thee? But that the cauſe is fled, and the effect is ceas'd, the God retir'd, and all the Oracles ſilenc'd! Confeſs — oh thou eternal Conqueror of my Soul, whom every hour, and every tender joy, renders more dear and lovely — Tell me why (if thou ſtill lov'ſt me, and lov'ſt as well) does love not dictate to thee as before! Doſt thou want words? Oh then begin again, repeat the old ones o're ten thouſand times, ſuch repetitions are loves Rethorick! how often have I ask'd thee in an hour, when my fond Soul was doating on thy Eyes, when with my Arms, claſding thy yielding Neck, my lips imprinting kiſſes on thy cheeks, and taking in the breath, that ſight from thine, how often have I

ask'd

ask'd this little but important queſtion of thee? *Does my* Philander *Love me?* then kiſs thee for thy *Yes* and ſighs, and ask again, and ſtill my Soul was raviſht with new joy, when thou woud'ſt anſwer, *Yes*; *I love thee dearly*! and if *I* thought you ſpoke it with a tone that ſeem'd leſs ſoft and fervent than *I* wiſht, *I* ask'd ſo often till *I* made thee anſwer in ſuch a voice as I wou'd wiſh to hear it; all this had been impertinent and fooliſh in any thing but love, to any but a Lover: But oh—give me the impertinence of love! talk little nonſenſe to me all the day, and be as wanton as a playing *Cupid*, and that will pleaſe and Charm my love ſick heart better than all fine ſenſe and reaſoning.

Tell me, *Philander*, what new accident, what powerful misfortune

has befallen thee, greater than what we have experienc'd yet? cou'd drive the little God out of thy heart, and make thee ſo unlike my ſoft *Philander*? What place contains thee, or what pleaſures eaſe thee, that thou art now contented to live a tedious day without thy *Silvia*. How then the long long Age of forty more, and yet thou liv'ſt, art patient, tame, and well; thou talk'ſt not now of ravings, or of dying, but lookſt about thee like a well pleas'd Conqueror after the toyls of Battel——Oh *I* have known a time—— but let me never think upon it more! it cannot be remembred without madneſs! What think thee fallen from love! to think that I muſt never hear thee more pouring thy Soul out in ſoft ſighs of love? A thouſand dear expreſſions by which I knew

the

the Story of thy heart, and while you tell it, bid me feel it panting —— Never to see thy Eyes fixt on my face —— till the ſoft ſhowres of joy wou'd gently fall and hang their ſhining dew upon thy looks, then in a Tranſport ſnatch me to thy boſom, and ſigh a thouſand times e're thou cou'dſt utter —— *Ah* Silvia *how I love thee* —— Oh the dear Eloquence, thoſe few ſhort words contain; when they are ſent with Lovers accents, to a Soul all languiſhing! but now —— alaſs, thy love is more familiar grown —— Oh take the other part o' th' Proverb too, and ſay 't has bred contempt, for nothing leſs than that your Letter ſhews, but more it does, and that's indifference, leſs to be born than hate or any thing —

At leaſt be juſt and let me know my doom; do not deceive the heart

heart that truſted all thy Vows, if thou be'ſt generous —— if thou let'ſt me know —— thy date of Love —— is out (for love perhaps as life has dates) and equally uncertain, and thou no more canſt ſtay the one than t'other, yet if thou art ſo kind for all my honour loſt; my youth undone, my Beauty tarniſht, and my laſting vows to let me fairly know thou art departing, my worthleſs Life will be the only loſs; But if thou ſtill continueſt to impoſe, upon my eaſie Faith, and I ſhou'd any other way learn my approaching Fate —— Look to't *Philander* —She that had the courage t'abandon all for Love, and faithleſs thee, can when ſhe finds her ſelf betray'd and loſt, Nobly revenge the ruin of her fame, and ſend thee to the other World with,

Silvia

She

She having writ this, read it over, and fancy'd ſhe had not ſpoke half the ſenſe of her Soul-- Fancy'd if ſhe were again to begin ſhe cou'd expreſs her ſelf much more to the purpoſe ſhe deſign'd, than ſhe had done. She began again and writ two or three new ones, but they were either too kind or too rough, the firſt ſhe fear'd wou'd ſhew a weakneſs of Spirit, ſince he had given her occaſion of jealouſie, the laſt ſhe fear'd wou'd diſoblige if all thoſe jealouſies were falſe, ſhe therefore tore thoſe laſt ſhe had writ, and before ſhe ſeal'd up the firſt ſhe read *Philanders* Letter again, but ſtill ended it with fears that did not leſſen thoſe ſhe had firſt conceiv'd; ſtill she thought she had more to ſay as Lovers do, who never are weary of ſpeaking or writing to the dear object of their Vows, and having already forgotten what she had ſaid juſt before——

before——and her heart being by this time as full as e're ſhe began ſhe took up her complaining Pen, and made it ſay this in the Covert of the Letter.

Oh *Philander!* Oh thou eternal Charmer of my Soul, how fain I wou'd repent me of the cruel thoughts I have of thee; when *I* had finiſht this inclos'd *I* read again thy chilling Letter, and ſtrove with all the force of Love and ſoft imagination to find a dear occaſion of asking Pardon for thoſe fears, which preſs my breaking heart: but Oh the more *I* read, the more they ſtrike upon my tendereſt part,——ſomething ſo very cold, ſo careleſs, and indifferent you end your Letter with——*I* will not think of it——by Heaven it makes me rave——and hate my little power, that cou'd no longer keep thee ſoft and kind.

kind. Oh if those killing fears (bred by excess of Love) are vainly taken up in pity my adorable — in pity to my tortur'd Soul convince 'em, Redress the torment of my jealous doubts, and either way confirm me; be kind to her that dyes and languishes for thee, return me all the softness that first Charm'd me, or frankly tell me my approaching Fate. Be generous, or be kind, to the unfortunate and undone.

Silvia.

She thought she had ended here, but here again she read *Philanders* Leter, as if on purpose to find new torments out for a heart too much prest already; a sowre that is always mixt with the sweets of Love, a pain that ever accompanies the pleasure. Love else were not to be number'd among the passions of men, and was at first ordain'd in Heaven for some divine motion

of the Soul, till *Adam* with his loſs of *Paradiſe* debaucht it, with jealouſies fears, and curioſities, and mixt it with all that was afflicting; but you'l ſay he had reaſon to be jealous, whoſe Woman for want of other Seducers liſten'd to the Serpent, and for the Love of change wou'd give way even to a Devil, this little Love of Novelty and knowledge has been intail'd upon her daughters ever ſince, and *I* have known more Women rendered unhappy and miſerable from this torment of curioſity, which they bring upon themſelves, than have ever been undone by leſs villainous Men. One of this humour was our haughty and Charming *Silvia*, whoſe Pride and Beauty poſſeſſing her with a beliefe that all Men were born to dye her Slaves made her uneaſie at every action of the Lover

Lover (whether belov'd or not) that did but ſeem to ſlight her Empire; but where indeed ſhe lov'd and doated, as now on *Philander*, this humour put her on the rack at every thought or fancy that he might break his Chains and having laid the laſt Obligation upon him, ſhe expected him to be her Slave for ever, and treated him with all the haughty Tyranny of her Sex, in all thoſe moments when ſoftneſs was not predominate in her Soul. She was ſhagrien at every thing if but diſpleas'd with one thing, and while ſhe gave torments to others she fail'd not to feel 'em the moſt ſenſibly her ſelf; ſo that ſtill ſearching for new occaſion of quarrel with *Philander* ſhe drew on her ſelf moſt intollerable pains, ſuch as doubting Lovers feel after long hopes and confirm'd joys,

she

she reads and weeps, and when she came to that part of it that inquir'd of the health and being of the pledge of Love—— she grew ſo tender that she was almoſt fainting in her Chair, but recovering from the ſoft reflection, and finding she had ſaid nothing of it already she took her Pen again and writ.

You ask me, Oh Charming *Philander* how the Pledge of our ſoft hours thrives? Alas, as if it meant to brave the worſt of fate! it does advance, my ſorrows and all your cruelties have not deſtroy'd that: But *I* ſtill bear about me the deſtiny of many a ſighing Maid, that this (who will *I* am ſure be like *Philander*) will ruin with his looks.

Thou Sacred Treaſure of my Soul forgive me, if *I* have wrong'd thy love; adieu.

She

She made an end of writing this, just when *Antonett* arriv'd, and told her *Octavio* was alighted at the Gate, and coming to visit her, which gave her occasion to say this of him to *Philander*,

I think *I* had not ended here but that *Octavio* the bravest and the best of friends is come to visit me. The only Satisfaction *I* have to support my life in *Philanders* absence, pay him those thanks that are due to him from me, pay him for all the generous cares he has taken of me; beyond a friend! almost *Philander* in his blooming Passion when 'twas all new and young, and full of duty, cou'd not have render'd me his service with a more awful industry: sure he was made for love and glorious friendship. Cherish him them, pre-

serve

ſerve him next your Soul, for he's a Jewel, fit for ſuch a Cabinet: His form, his parts, and every Noble action, ſhews us the Royal Race from whence he ſprung, and the Victorious *Orange* confeſſes him his own in every Vertue, and in every Grace, nor can the illigitimacy eclips him; ſure he was got in the firſt heat of Love, which form'd him ſo a *Hero*——But no more. *Philander* is as kind a Judge as

Silvia.

She had no ſooner finiſht this and ſeal'd it, but *Octavio* came into the Chamber, and with ſuch an Air, with ſuch a Grace, and mien he approach'd her—with all the languiſhment of ſoft trembling Love in his face, which with the addition of the dreſs he was that

day

day in, (which was extreamly rich and advantagious, and altogether ſuch as pleaſes the Vanity of Women.) I have ſince heard the Charming *Silvia* ſay, in ſpight of all her tenderneſs for *Philander*; ſhe found a a ſoft emotion in her Soul, a kind of pleaſure at his approach, which made her bluſh with ſome kind of anger at her own eaſineſs. Nor cou'd ſhe have bluſht in a more happy ſeaſon; for *Octavio* ſaw it, and it ſerv'd at once to add a Luſter to her paler Beauty, and to betray ſome little kind ſentiment, which poſſeſt him with a joy that had the ſame effects on him: *Silvia* ſaw it; and the care ſhe took to hide her own, ſerv'd but to increaſe her bluſhes, which put her into a confuſion ſhe had much ado to reclaim; ſhe caſt her Eyes to Earth, and leaning her Cheek on her

her hand, ſhe continu'd on her ſeat without paying him that uſual Ceremony ſhe was wont to do. While he ſtood ſpeechleſs for a moment gazing on her with infinite ſatisfaction, when ſhe to aſſume a formality as well as ſhe cou'd, roſe up and cry'd (fearing he had ſeen too much) Octavio *I have been conſidering after what manner I ought to receive you, and while I was ſo, I left thoſe Civilities unpaid which your quality, and my good manners ought to have render'd you.* *Ah Madam*, reply'd he ſighing, *if you wou'd receive me as I merited and you ought, at leaſt you wou'd receive me as the moſt paſſionate Lover that ever Ador'd you. I was rather believing*, ſaid *Silvia, that I ought to have receiv'd you as my Foe: Since you conceal from me ſo long what you cannot but believe I am exteamly*

impatient

impatient of hearing, and what ſo neerly concerns my repoſe. At this he only anſwering with a ſigh, ſhe purſu'd. *Sure*, Octavio, *you underſtand me*: Philanders *anſwer to the Letter of your confeſſing Paſſion has not ſo long been the ſubject of our diſcourſe and expectation, but you gueſs at what I mean?* *Octavio*, who on all Occaſions wanted not wit, or reply, was here at a loſs, what to anſwer: Notwithſtanding he had conſider'd before what he wou'd ſay: but let thoſe in love fancy, and make what fine ſpeeches they pleaſe, and believe themſelves furniſht with abundance of eloquent Harangues at the ſight of the dear Object they loſe 'em all, and love teach 'em a dialect much more prevailing without the expence of duller thought: And they leave unſaid all they had ſo ſoridly form'd before

before, and ſigh a thouſand things with more ſucceſs: Love like Poetry cannot be taught, but uninſtructed flows without painful ſtudy, if it be true; 'tis born in the Soul, a Noble inſpiration not a Science! ſuch was *Octavio's*, he thought it diſhonourable to be guilty of the meaneſs of a Lye, and ſay he had no anſwer: He thought it rude to ſay he had one and wou'd not ſhew it *Silvia*: And he believ'd it the height of ungenerous baſeneſs to ſhew it, while he remain'd this moment ſilent; *Silvia*, who's love, jealouſie, and impatience indur'd no delay, with a malicious half ſmile, and a tone all angry, ſcorn in her Eyes, and paſſion on her Tongue, ſhe cry'd——*'Tis*, *well* Octavio, *that you ſo early let me know you can be falſe, unjuſt, and faithleſs, you knew your power, and in pitty*

to

to that Youth and eaſineſs you found in me, have given a Civil warning to my heart. In this I muſt confeſs, continu'd she, *you have given a much greater teſtimony of your friendſhip for* Philander, *than your Paſſion for* Silvia; *And, I ſuppoſe, you came not here to reſolve your ſelf of which you ſhould prefer; that was decided e're you arriv'd, and this viſit I imagine was only to put me out of doubt: A piece of Charity you might have ſpar'd.* She ended this with a ſcorn, that had a thouſand Charmes, becauſe it gave him a little hope; and he anſwer'd with a ſigh, *Ah Madam, how very eaſie you find it to entertain thoughts diſadvantagious of me: And how ſmall a fault your Wit and cruelty can improve to a Crime. You are not offended at my friendſhip for* Philander. *I know you do not Vallue my Life, and my*

repoſe ſo much, as to be concern'd who, or what, ſhares this heart, that adores you; No, it has not merited that Glory; Nor dare I preſume to hope, you ſhou'd ſo much as wiſh my Paſſion for Silvia, *ſhou'd ſurmount my Friendſhip to* Philander. *If I did,* reply'd ſhe with a ſcorn, *I perceive I might wiſh in vain:* Madam, anſwer'd he, *I have too Divine an opinion of the juſtice of the Charming* Silvia *to believe I ought, or cou'd make my approaches to her heart by ways ſo baſe and ungenerous, the reſult of even tollerated Treaſon is to hate the Traytor. Oh, you are very nice,* Octavio, replyed Silvia, *in your Punctilio to* Philander, *but I perceive you are not ſo tender in thoſe you ought to have for* Silvia? *I find Honour in you men, is only what you pleaſe to make it, for at the ſame time you think it ungenerous to betray* Philander,

Philander, *you believe it no breach of* Honour *to betray the eternal repoſe of* Silvia? *You have promis'd* Philander *your friendſhip, you have avow'd your ſelf my Lover, my Slave, my Friend, my every thing, and yet not one of theſe has any tye, to oblige you to my intereſt, pray tell me,* continued She, *when you laſt writ to him, was it not in order to receive an anſwer from him? And was not I to ſee that anſwer? And here you think it no diſhonour to break your word or promiſe; by which I find your falſe Notions, of Vertue and Honour, with which you ſerve your ſelves, when int'reſt, deſign, or ſelf Love makes you think it neceſſary. Madam,* replyed Octavio, *you are pleas'd to perſue your anger, as if indeed I had diſobeyed your command, or refus'd to ſhew you what you Imagine I have from* Philander: *Yes, I do* replyed ſhe

hastily; *and wonder why you shou'd have a greater friendship for* Philander, *than for* Silvia, *especially if it be true that you say, you have joyned Love to friendship; or are you of the opinion of those that cry they cannot be a Lover and a friend of the same Object. Ah Madam,* cry'd our perplext Lover, *I beg you to believe, I think it so much more my Duty and inclination to serve and obey* Silvia *than I do* Philander, *that I swear to you, Oh, Charming Conqueress of my Soul, if* Philander *have betrayed* Silvia, *he has at the same time betray'd* Octavio, *and that I wou'd revenge it with the loss of my Life: In injuring the adorable* Silvia, *believe me, lovely Maid, he injures so much more than a Friend, as Honour is above the inclination; if he wrong you, by Heaven he cancels all! he wrongs my Soul, my Honour, Mistress,*

and

and my Sister : Fearing he had said too much, he stopp'd and sight at the word Sister, and casting down his Eyes, blushing with shame and anger, he continu'd, *Oh, give me leave to say a Sister, Madam, least Mistress had been too daring and presumptious, and a Title that wou'd not justifie my quarrel half so well, since 'twou'd take the Honour from my just resentment and blast it with the scandal of self int'rest or jealous revenge. What you say* replyed she, *deserves abundance of acknowledgement; but if you wou'd have me believe you, you ought to hide nothing from me, and he methinks that was so daring to confess his Passion to* Philander, *may, after that, venture on any discovery: In short* Octavio, *I demand to see the return you have from* Philander, *for possibly* —said she, sweet'ning her Charming face into a Smile de-

ſign'd, *I ſhou'd not be diſpleas'd to find I might with more freedom receive your Addreſſes, and on the coldneſs of* Philanders *reaſoning may depend a great part of your Fate, or Fortune: Come, come, produce your credentials, they may recommend your heart more effectually than all the fine things you can ſay, you know not how the leaſt appearance of a ſlight from a Lover, may advance the Pride of a Miſtreſs, and Pride in this affair will be your beſt Advocate.* Thus ſhe inſinuated with all her female Arts, and put on all her Charms of Looks and ſmiles, ſweetned her mouth, ſoften'd her Voyce and Eyes, aſſuming all the tenderneſs and little affectations her ſubtil Sex was capable of, while he lay all raviſht and almoſt expiring at her Feet; ſometimes tranſported with imagin'd Joys in the poſſeſſion of the dear

dear flattering Charmer, he was ready to unravel all the Secrets of *Philanders* letter; but Honour yet was even above his Paſſion and made him bluſh at his firſt haſty thought; and now he ſtrove to put her off, with all the Art he cou'd, who had ſo very little in his Nature, and whoſe real Love and perfect Honour had ſet him above the little evaſions of Truth, who ſcorn'd in all other caſes the baſeneſs and cowardize of a Lye: and ſo unſucceſsful now was the little honeſt cheat, which he knew not how to manage well, that 'twas ſoon diſcover'd to the Wity, jealous, and angry *Silvia*: So that after all the rage a paſſionate Woman cou'd expreſs, who believ'd her ſelf injur'd by the only two perſons in the World from whom ſhe expected moſt Adoration? ſhe

had recourſe to that Natural and ſoftning aid of her Sex, her Tears, and haviug already reproach'd *Octavio* with all the malice of a defeated Woman, ſhe now continued it in ſo moving a manner, that our *Hero* cou'd no longer remain unconquer'd by that powerful way of Charming, but unfixt to all he had reſolv'd gave up, at leaſt, apart of the ſecret, and own'd he had a Letter from *Philander*; and after this confeſſion knowing very well he cou'd not keep her from the ſight of it; no tho an Empire were render'd her to buy it off; his Wit was next imploy'd how he ſhou'd defend the ſenſe of it, that ſhe might not think *Philander* falſe. In Order to this, he, forcing a Smile, told her, that *Philander* was the moſt malicious of his Sex, and had contriv'd the beſt Stratagem

in

in the world to find whether *Silvia* ſtill lov'd, or *Octavio* retain'd his friendſhip for him; *And but that*, continued he, *I know the Nature of your curious Sex to be ſuch, that if I ſhou'd perſwade you not to ſee it, it wou'd but the more inflame your deſire of ſeeing it, I wou'd ask no more of the Charming* Silvia, *than that ſhe wou'd not oblige me to ſhew, what wou'd turn ſo greatly to my own advantage: if I were not too ſenſible, 'tis but to intrap me, that* Philander *has taken this method in his anſwer. Believe me Adorable* Silvia, *I plead againſt my own Life, while I beg you not to put my honour to the teſt, by commanding me to ſhew this Letter, and that I joyn againſt the int'reſt of my own Eternal repoſe while I plead thus.* ſhe hears him with a hundred changes of countenance. Love, rage, and Jealouſie ſwell in

fiercer Eyes, her breath beats ſhort, and she was ready to burſt into ſpeaking before he had finisht what he had to ſay; she calls up all the little diſcretion and Reaſon Love had left her to manage her ſelf as she ought in this great occaſion? she bit her Lips and ſwallow'd her riſing ſighs; but he ſoon ſaw the ſtorm he had rais'd and knew not how to ſtand the shock of its fury; he ſighs, he pleads in vain, and the more he indeavours to excuſe the Levity of *Philander*, the more he rends her heart, and ſets her on the Rack; and concluding him falſe, she cou'd no longer contain her rage, but broke out into all the fury that madneſs can inſpire, and from one degree to another wrought her Paſſion to the height of Lunacy: She tore her Hair and bit his hands, that indeavour'd to reſtrain

hers

hers from violence, she rent the Ornaments from her fair Body, and discover'd a thousand Charms and Beauties, and finding now that both his strength and reason was too weak to prevent the mischiefs he found he had brought on her, he calls for help: When *Briljard* was but too ready at hand; with *Antonett* and some others, who came to his assistance; *Briljard*, who knew nothing of the occasion of all this, believ'd it the second part of his own late adventure, and fancy'd that *Octavio* had us'd some violence to her, upon this he assumes the Authority of his Lord, and secretly that of a Husband or Lover, and upbraiding the innocent *Octavio* with his brutallity they fell to such words as ended in a challenge the next morning, for *Briljard* appear'd a Gentleman, Companion

to his Lord; and one whom *Octavio* cou'd not well refuse, this was not carried so silently but *Antonett* busie as she was about her raving Lady heard the appointment, and *Octavio* quitted the Chamber almost as much disturb'd as *Silvia*, whom, with much ado, they perswaded him to leave, but before he did so he on his knees offer'd her the Letter and implor'd her to receive it. So absolutely his Love had vanquisht his Nobler part, that of honour; but she at tending nomotions but those of her own Rage, had no regard either to *Octavio's* proffer or his Arguments of Excuse, so that he went away with the Letter, in all the extremity of disorder; this last part of his submission was not seen by *Biljard*; who immediately left the Chamber, upon receiving *Octavio's*

vio's anſwer to his Challenge; ſo that *Silvia* was now left with her Woman only, who by degrees brought her to more calmneſs; and *Briljard* impatient to hear the reproaches, he hop'd ſhe wou'd give *Octavio* when ſhe was return'd to reaſon, being curious of any thing that might redound to his diſadvantage, whom he took to be a powerful Rival, return'd again into her Chamber: But in lieu of hearing what he wiſht; *Silvia* being recover'd from her Paſſion of madneſs, and her Soul in a ſtate of thinking a little with reaſon; ſhe miſſes *Octavio* in the crow'd, and with a Voyce, her rage had infeebl'd to a Languiſhment, ſhe cry'd—ſurveying carefully thoſe about her, *Oh where's* Octavio? *Where is that Angel man? he who of all his kind can give me comfort.* *Madam,* replyed Antonett

Antonett, *he is gone, while he was here, he kneel'd and pray'd in vain, but for a word, or look, his Tears are yet remaining wet upon your Feet, and all for one ſenſible reply, but rage had deafen'd you; what has he done to merit this?* Oh, Antonett cry'd *Silvia* —*'Twas what he wou'd not do that makes me rave, run, haſt and fetch him back*— *But let him leave his Honour all behind; Tell him he has too much conſideration for* Philander, *and none for my repoſe. Oh, fly* Briljard—*Have I no friend in view, dares carry a Meſſage from me to* Octavio? *Bid him return, oh inſtantly return* — *I dye, I languiſh for a ſight of him* — *Deſcending Angels wou'd not be ſo welcome* — *Why ſtand ye ſtill, have I no power with you* —*Will none obey*— Then running haſtily to the Chamber Door, ſhe call'd her

Page

Page to whom ſhe cry'd--*Haſt, haſt, dear youth, and find* Octavio *out, and bring him to me inſtantly: Tell him I dye to ſee him.* The Boy glad of ſo kind a Meſſage, to ſo liberal a Lover, runs on his Errant while ſhe returns to her Chamber, and indeavours to recollect her ſenſes againſt *Octavio's* coming as much as poſſible ſhe cou'd: She diſmiſſes her Attendant with different apprehenſions; ſometimes *Briljard* believ'd this was the ſecond part of her firſt raving, and having never ſeen her thus, but for *Philander* concludes it the height of tenderneſs and Paſſion for *Octavio*, but becauſe ſhe made ſo publique a Declaration of it he believ'd he had given her a Philter, which had rais'd her flame ſo much above the bounds of modeſty and diſcretion; concluding it ſo, he knew

knew the uſual effects of things of that Nature, and that nothing cou'd alay the heat of ſuch a love but poſſeſſion, and eaſily deluded with every fancy that flatter'd his love; mad, ſtarke mad by any way to obtain the laſt bleſſing with *Silvia*, he conſults with *Antonett* how to get one of *Octavio*'s Letters out of her Ladies Cabinet, and feigning many frivolous reaſons, which deluded the Amorous Maid; he perſwaded her to get him one, which ſhe did in half an hour after; for by this time *Silvia* being in as much tranquillity as 'twas poſſible a Lover cou'd be in, who had the hopes of knowing all the Secrets of the falſe betrayer, ſhe had call'd *Antonett* to dreſs her; which ſhe reſolved ſhou'd be in all the careleſs magnificence that Art or Nature cou'd put on; to Charm

Octavia

Octavio wholly to Obedience; whom ſhe had ſent for, and whom ſhe expected; but ſhe was no ſooner ſet to her Toylight, but *Octavio*'s Page arriv'd with a Letter from his Maſter, which ſhe greedily ſnacht; and read this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

BY this time, oh Charming *Silvia* give me leave to hope your Rage is abated, and your reaſon return'd, and that you will hear a little from the moſt unfornate of men, whom you have reduc'd to this miſerable Extremity of loſing either the Adorable Object of his Soul, or his Honour: If you can preſer a little curioſity that will ſerve but to afflict you before either that or my repoſe. What eſteem ought

I to believe you have for the unfortunate *Octavio*; and if you hate me, as 'tis evident if you compel me to the extremity of losing my repose or honour, what reason or argument have I to prefer so careless a Fair One above the last. 'Tis certain you neither do nor can love me now; and how much below that hope shall the expos'd and abandon'd *Octavio* be, when he shall pretend to that Glory without his Honour: Believe me, Charming Maid, I wou'd Sacrifice my life, and my intire Fortune at your least command to serve you; but to render you a devoyr that must point me out the basest of my Sex, is what my temper must resist in spight of all the violence of my Love, and I thank my happyer Stars that they have given me resolution enough rather to fall a Sacrifice to the last, than

be

be guilty of the breach of the firſt: This is the laſt and preſent thought and pleaſure of my Soul, and leaſt it shou'd by the force of thoſe Divine Ideas which Eternally ſurround it, be ſooth'd and flatter'd from its Noble Principles, I will to morrow put my ſelf out of the hazard of Temptation, and divert if poſſible by abſence to the Compagne, thoſe ſoft importunate betrayers of my Liberty; that perpetually ſolicit in favour of you: I dare not ſo much as bid you adieu, one ſight of that bright Angels face, wou'd undo me, unfix my Nobler reſolutions, and leave me a deſpicable Slave, ſighing my unrewarded Treaſon at your inſenſible Feet: My Fortune I leave to be diſpos'd by you; but the more uſeleſs neceſſary I will for ever take from thoſe lovely Eyes, who can look

on

on nothing with joy, but the happy *Philander*: If I have denied you one ſatisfaction, at leaſt I have given you this other of ſecuring you Eternally from the trouble and importunity of

Madam your Faithful

Octavio.

This Letter to any other leſs ſecure of her own power than was our fair Subject, wou'd have made them impatient and angry: But she found that there was ſomething yet in her power, the diſpenſation of which cou'd ſoon recal him from any reſolution he was able to make of abſenting himſelf: Her Glaſs ſtood before her, and every glance that way was an aſſurance and ſecurity to her heart; she cou'd not ſee that

Beauty

Beauty and doubt its power of perſwaſion; She therefore took her Pen, and writ him this anſwer, being in a moment furnisht with all the Art and ſubtilty that was neceſſary on this occaſion.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

THo I have not Beauty enough to command your heart; at leaſt allow me ſenſe enough to oblige your belief, that I fancy and reſent all that the letter contains which you have deny'd me, and that I am not of that ſort of Women, whoſe want of youth or *B*eauty renders ſo conſtant to purſue the Ghoſt of a departed *L*ove: It is enough to juſtifie my Honour, that I was not the firſt Agreſſor. I find my

my ſelf perſu'd by too many Charmes of Wit, Youth, and Gallantry, to bury my ſelf beneath the willows, or to whine away my youth by murmuring Rivers, or betake me to the laſt refuge of a declining *Beauty*, a Monaſtary: no my Lord, when I have reveng'd and recompenc'd my Self for the injuries of one inconſtant, with the joys a thouſand imploring Lovers offer, it will be time to be weary of a world which yet every day preſents me new joys; and I ſwear to you, *Octavio*, that it was more to recompence what I ow'd your paſſion that I deſir'd a convincing proof of *Philanders* falſe-hood, than for any other reaſon, and you have too much Wit not to know it; for what other uſe cou'd I make of the Secret; if he be falſe he's gone, unworthy of me,

me, and impoſſible to be retriev'd, and I wou'd as ſoon dye my ſullied Garments and wear them over again, as take to my imbraces a reform'd Lover, the Native firſt Luſter of whoſe paſſion is quite extinct, and is no more the ſame; no, my Lord, ſhe muſt be poor in Beauty that has recourſe to ſhifts ſo mean; if I wou'd know the Secret by all that's good it were to hate him heartily, and to diſpoſe of my Perſon to the beſt advantage; which in honour I cannot do, while I am unconvinc'd of the falſeneſs of him with whom I have exchang'd a thouſand Vows of fidellity, but if he unlink the Chain I am at perfect liberty, and why by this delay you ſhou'd make me loſe my time, I am not able to conceive, unleſs you fear I ſhou'd then take you at your word, and expect the

per-

performance of all the Vows of Love you have made me.—If that be it— My Pride ſhall be your ſecurity, or if other recompence you expect, ſet the Price upon your Secret, and ſee at what rate I will purchaſe the liberty it will procure me, poſſibly it may be ſuch as may at once infranchize me, and revenge me on the perjur'd ingrate, than which nothing can be a greater Satisfaction to

Silvia,

She Seals this Letter with a wafer, and giving it to *Antonett* to give the Page, believing ſhe had writ what wou'd not be in vain to the quick ſighted *Octavio*: *Antonett* takes both that and the other which *Octavio* had ſent and left her Lady buſie in dreſſing her head

head, and went to *Briljards* Chamber, who thought every moment an Age till ſhe came; ſo vigorous he was on his new deſign: That which was ſent to *Octavio* being ſeal'd with a wet Wafer he neatly opens, as 'twas eaſie to do, and read and Seal'd again, and *Antonett* deliver'd it to the Page. After receiving what pay *Briljard* cou'd force himſelf to beſtow upon her; ſome flatteries of diſſembl'd love; and ſome cold Kiſſes, which even imagination cou'd not render better, She return'd to her Lady, and he to his Stratagem, which was to counterfeit a Letter from *Octavio*: She having in hers given him a hint, by bidding him ſet a price upon the Secret, which he had heard was that of a Letter from *Philander*, with all the Circumſtances of it, from the faithleſs *An-*

tonett whom Love had betray'd; and after blotting much paper to try every Letter through the Alphabet, and to produce them like those of *Octavio*, which was not hard for a Lover of ingenuity; he fell to the busineſs of what he wou'd write, and having finiſht it to his liking, his next trouble was how to convey it to Her; for *Octavio* always ſent his by his Page, whom he cou'd truſt. He now was certain of love between 'em? For tho he often had perſwaded *Antonett* to bring him Letters, yet ſhe cou'd not be wrought on till now to betray her truſt: And what he long apprehended, he found too true on both ſides, and now he waited but for an opportunity to ſend it ſeaſonably, and in a lucky minute. In the mean time *Silvia* adorns her ſelf for abſolute conqueſt

queſt and diſpoſing her ſelf in the moſt charming, careleſs, and tempting manner ſhe cou'd deviſe, ſhe lay expecting her coming Lover, on a repoſe of rich Embroidery of Gold on blew Sattin, hung within ſide with little Amorous Pictures of *Venus* deſcending in her Chariot naked to *Adonis*, ſhe imbracing, while the youth more eager of his rural ſports turns half from her, in a poſture of purſuing his Dogs, who are no their Chace: Another of *Armida* who is dreſſing the ſleeping warrior up in wreaths of Flowers, while a hundred little Loves are playing with his guilded Armour; this puts on his Helmet too big for his little head that hides his whole face; another makes a Hobby horſe of his Sword and Lance, another fits on his breaſt piece, while three or four little *Cupids* are ſeeming

to heave and help him to hold it an end, and all turn'd the Emblimes of the *Hero* into redicule. Theſe and ſome other of the like nature adorn'd the Pavillion of the languiſhing Fair One, who lay careleſly on her ſide; her Arm leaning on little Pillows, of Point of *Venice*, and a Book of Amours in her other hand. Every noiſe alarm'd her with trembling hope that her Lover was come, and I have heard ſhe ſaid ſhe verily believ'd that acting and feigning the Lover poſſeſt her with a tenderneſs againſt her knowledge and Will; and ſhe found ſomething more in her Soul than a bear curioſity of ſeeing *Octavio* for the Letters ſake: But in Lieu of her Lover, ſhe found her ſelf once more approacht with a Billet from him; which brought this.

Octavio

Octavio *to* Silvia.

AH *Silvia*, he muſt be more than humane, that can withſtand your Charms, I confeſs my frailty, and fall before you, the weakeſt of my Sex, and own I am ready to believe all your dear Letter contains, and have vanity enough to wreſt every hopeful word to my own int'reſt, and in favour of my own Heart: What will become of me, if my eaſie faith ſhou'd only flatter me, and I with ſhame ſhou'd find it was not meant to me, or if it were, 'twas only to draw me from a Virtue which has been hitherto the Pride and Beauty of my youth, the Glory of my name, my Comfort and refuge in all extreams of Fortune:

The eternal Companion, Guide and Counſellor of all my actions: Yet this good you only have power to rob me of, and leave me expos'd to the ſcorn of all the laughing World: Yet give me Love! give me but hope in lieu of it, and I am content to deveſt my ſelf of all beſides.

Perhaps you will ſay *I* ask too mighty a rate for ſo poor a ſecret? But even in that, there lies one of my own, that will more expoſe the feebleneſs of my Blood and Name, than the diſcovery will me in particular, ſo that I know not what I do, when I give you up the knowledge you deſire. Still you will ſay all this is to inhaunce its value, and raiſe the Price: And oh, I fear you have taught my ſoul every quality, it fears and dreads in yours, and learnt

learnt it to chaffer for every thought, if I cou'd fix upon the rate to ſell it at: And I with ſhame confeſs I wou'd be Mercenary, cou'd we but agree upon the Price: But my reſpect forbids me all things, but ſilent hope, and that in ſpight of me, and all my reaſon, will predominate? for the reſt I will wholly reſign my ſelf and all the faculties of my Soul to the Charming Arbitrator of my peace, the powerful Judge of Love, the adorable *Silvia*: And at her Feet render all ſhe demands; yes, ſhe ſhall find me there to juſtifie all the weakneſs this proclaims, for I confeſs, oh too too powerful Maid, that you have abſolutely ſubdu'd.

Your Octavio.

She had no ſooner read this Let-

ter, but *Antonett* inſtead of laying it by, carried it to *Briljard*, and departed the Chamber to make way, for *Octavio*, who ſhe imagin'd was coming to make his viſit, and left *Silvia* conſidering how ſhe ſhou'd manage him to the beſt advantage, and with moſt honour acquit her ſelf, of what ſhe had made him hope, but inſtead of his coming to wait on her; an unexpected accident arriv'd to prevent him, for a meſſenger from the Prince came with commands that he ſhou'd forthwith come to his Highneſs, the meſſenger having command to bring him along with him; So that not able to diſobey he only beg'd time to write a note of buſineſs, which was a Billet to *Silvia*, to excuſe himſelf till the next day, for it being five Leagues, to the Village where the Prince waited his coming

ing, he cou'd not return that night: which was the buſineſs of the Note, with which his Page haſted to *Silvia*: *Briljard* who was now a vigilent Lover, and waiting for every opportunity that might favour his deſign: Saw the Page arrive with the Note; and as 'twas uſual he took it to carry to his Conquereſs, but meeting *Antonett* on the Stayers, he gave her what he had before counterfeited with ſuch Art, after he had open'd what *Octavio* had ſent, and found Fortune was wholly on his ſide, he having learn'd from the Page, beſides that his Lord had taken Coach with Monſieur —— to go to his Highneſs, and wou'd not return that night: *Antonett* not knowing the deceit carried her Lady the forg'd Letter, who open'd it with eager haſt, and read this.

TO THE CHARMING SILVIA.

Madam,

SInce I have a ſecret which none but I, can unfold; and that you have offer'd at any rate to buy it of me: Give me leave to ſay that you fair Creature have another ſecret, a joy to diſpence, which none but you can give the languiſhing *Octavio*: If you dare purchaſe this of mine, with that infinitely more valuable one of yours: I will be as ſecret as death, and think my ſelf happier than a fancy'd God! Take what Methods you pleaſe for the payment, and what time, order me, command me, conjure me, I will wait, watch, and pay my Duty at all hours, to ſnatch the moſt

convenient one to reap so ravishing a blessing. I know you will accuse me with all the confidence and rudeness in the world; but, oh! to consider lovely *Silvia*, that that passion, which cou'd change my Soul from all the Course of Honour, has power to make me forget that nice respect your Beauty aws me with, and my passion is now arriv'd at such a height, it obeys no Laws but its own; and I am obstinately bent on the pursuit of that vast pleasure, I fancy to find in the dear, the ravishing Arms of the Adorable *Silvia*: Impatient of your answer, I am as love compels me.

Madam your Slave,

Octavio.

The Page, who waited no answer

ſwer was departed; but *Silvia* who believ'd he attended it, was in a thouſand minds what to ſay or do: She bluſh'd as ſhe read, and then lookt pale, with anger and diſdain, and but that ſhe had already given her Honour up, it wou'd have been ſomething more ſurpriſing: But ſhe was us'd to queſtions of that Nature, and therefore receiv'd this with ſo much the leſs concern? nevertheleſs 'twas ſufficient to fill her Soul with a thouſand agitations, but when ſhe wou'd be angry the conſideration of what ſhe had writ to him, to incourage him to this boldneſs ſtop'd her rage: When ſhe wou'd take it ill, ſhe conſider'd his knowledge of her loſt fame, and that took off a great part of her reſentment on that ſide; and in midſt of all ſhe was raving for the knowledge of *Phi-*

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landers ſecret. She roſe from the Bed, and walk'd about the room in much diſorder, full of thought and no concluſion; ſhe is aſham'd to conſult of this affair with *Antonett*, and knows not what to fix on: The only thing ſhe was certain of, and which was fully and undiſputably reſolv'd in her Soul, was never to conſent to ſo falſe an Action, never to buy the ſecret at ſo dear a rate; ſhe abhors *Octavio*, whom ſhe regards no more as that fine thing which before ſhe thought him, and a thouſand times ſhe was about to write her deſpight and contempt, but ſtill the dear ſecret ſtaid her hand, and ſhe was fond of the torment: At laſt *Antonett*, who was afflicted to know the cauſe of this diſorder, ask'd her Lady if *Octavio* wou'd not come: *No* replyed *Silvia* bluſhing at the Name, *nor never*

never ſhall the ungrateful man dare to behold my face any more. Jeſu, replyed *Antonett, what has he done Madam, to deſerve this ſeverity? For he was a great benefactor to* Antonett, *and had already by his gifts and preſents made her a Fortune for a Burgomaſter: He has,* ſaid *Silvia, committed ſuch an impudence, as deſerves death from my Hand:* This ſhe ſpoke in rage, and walk'd away croſs the Chamber. *Why Madam,* cry'd *Antonett, does he denie to give you the Letter: No* replyed *Silvia, but askes me ſuch a price for it, as makes me hate my ſelf, that am reduc'd by my ill conduct, to Addreſſes of that Nature: Heavens, Madam, what can he ask you, to afflict you ſo; the preſumptuous man,* ſaid ſhe (in rage) *has the impudence to ask what never man, but* Philander *was ever poſſeſt of—* At this *Antonett* laught—

Good

Good Lord, Madam, ſaid ſhe, and are you angry at ſuch deſires in men toward you? I believe you are the firſt Lady in the World, that was ever offended for being deſirable: Can any thing proclaim your Beauty more, or your youth or Wit? marry Madam, I wiſh I were worthy to be ask'd the queſtion by all the fine dancing, dreſſing, Song-making Fops in Town: And you wou'd yield, replyed *Silvia, not ſo neither* replyed *Antonett, but I wou'd ſpark my ſelf, and value my ſelf the more upon't. Oh,* ſaid *Silvia, ſhe that is ſo fond of hearing of Love, no doubt but will find ſome one to practice it with. That's as I ſhou'd find my ſelf inclin'd,* replyed *Antonett*: *Silvia* was not ſo intent on *Antonett's* rail'ery, but ſhe imploy'd all her thought the while, on what she had to do; and thoſe laſt words of *Antonett's* jogg'd a thought that

that ran on to one very advantagious, at leaſt her preſent and firſt apprehenſion of it was ſuch: And she turn'd to *Antonett* with a face more gay than it was the laſt minute, and cry'd, *Prithee good Wench tell me, what ſort of man wou'd ſooneſt incline you to a yielding? if you command me Madam, to be free with your Lordſhip,* reply'd *Antonett*, *I muſt confeſs there are too ſorts of men that wou'd moſt villainouſly incline me; the firſt is he that wou'd make my fortune beſt: The next he that wou'd make my pleaſure; the young, the handſome, or rather the well bread, and good humour'd: But above all the Man of Wit: But what wou'd you ſay* Antonett, replyed *Silvia*, *if all theſe made up in one man ſhou'd make his Addreſſes to you? Why then moſt certainly Madam,* replyed *Antonett*; *I ſhou'd yield him*

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my Honour, after a reaſonable ſiege. This tho' the wanton young maid ſpoke poſſibly at firſt more to put her Lady in good humour than from any inclination she had to what she ſaid, yet after many arguments upon that ſubject, *Silvia* cunning enough to purſue her deſign, brought the buſineſs more home, and told her in plain terms that *Octavio* was the man who had been ſo preſumptious as to ask ſo great a reward as the poſſeſſion of her ſelf for the ſecret she deſir'd; and after a thouſand little ſubtilties, having made the forward Girle confeſs with blushes, she was not a Maid; she inſinuated into her an opinion that what she had done already (without any other motive than that of Love, as she confeſt in which intereſt had no part,) wou'd make the trick the eaſier to do again, eſpeci-

eſpecially if she brought to her Arms a perſon of Youth, Wit, Gallantry, Beauty, and all the Charming qualities that adorn a man, and that beſides ſhe ſhou'd find it turn to good account, and for her ſecreſies, ſhe might depend upon it, ſince the perſon to whoſe imbraces ſhe ſhou'd ſubmit her ſelf, ſhou'd not know but that ſhe her ſelf was the Woman, ſo that ſays *Silvia*, *I will have all infamy, and you the reward every way with unblemiſht Honour*, while ſhe ſpoke the willing Maid gave an inward pleaſing attention, tho at firſt ſhe made a few faint modeſt ſcruples; Nor was ſhe leſs joy'd to hear it ſhou'd be *Octavio*, whom ſhe knew to be rich, and very handſome, and ſhe immediately found the humour of inconſtancy ceaſe her, and *Briljard* appear'd a very Husband Lover

Lover in compariſon of this new Brisker man of quality; ſo that after ſome pro's and Con's the whole matter was thus concluded on between theſe two young perſons, who neither wanted Wit, nor Beauty; and both cro'd over the contrivance, as a moſt diverting piece of little Malice, that ſhou'd ſerve their preſent turn, and make 'em ſport for the future The next thing that was conſider'd, was a Letter which was to be ſent in anſwer, and that *Silvia* being to write with her own hand, begot a new doubt, in ſo much as the whole buſineſs was at a ſtand: For when it came to that point that ſhe her ſelf was to conſent, ſhe found the project look with a face ſo foul, that ſhe a hundred times reſolv'd and unreſolv'd. But *Philander* fill'd her Soul, revenge was

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in her view, and that one thought put her on new resolves to pursue the design, let it be never so base and dishonourable: *Yes*, cry'd she at last, *I can commit no action, that is not more just, excusable, and honourable, than that which* Octavio *has done to me, who uses me like a common Mistris of the Town, and dares ask, me that which he knows, he durst not do if he had not mean, and abject thoughts of me; his baseness deserves death from from my hand if I had courage to give it him, and the least I can do is to deceive the deceiver. Well then give me my Scrutore*; says she, so sitting down she writ this, not without abundance of of guilt and confusion, for yet a certain Honour, which she had by birth check'd the cheat of her Pen.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

THe price *Octavio*, which you have ſet upon your ſecret, I (more generous than you) will give your merit; to which alone 'tis due. if I ſhou'd pay ſo high a price for the firſt, you wou'd believe *I* had the leſs eſteem for the laſt, and I wou'd not have you think me ſo poor in ſpirit to yield on any other terms: If I valued *Philander* yet — after his confirm'd inconſtancy, I wou'd have you think I ſcorn to yield a Body where I do not give a Soul, and am yet to be perſwaded there are any ſuch Brutes amongſt my Sex, but as I never had a wiſh but where I lov'd, ſo I never extended one till now, to any but *Philander*, yet

yet ſo much my ſenſe of ſhame is above my growing tenderneſs that I cou'd wiſh you wou'd be ſo generous to think no more of what you ſeem to purſue with ſuch earneſtneſt and haſte : But leaſt I ſhou'd retain any ſort of former love for *Philander*, whom I am impatient to race wholly from my Soul. I grant you all you ask provided you will be diſcreet in the management : *Antonett* therefore ſhall only be truſted with the ſecret, the outward gate you ſhall find at twelve only ſhut too, and *Antonett* wait you at the Stairs foot to conduct you to me ; come alone. I bluſh and guild the Paper with their reflections, at the thought of an incounter like this before I am half enough ſecur'd of your heart ? And that you may be made more abſolutely the maſter of mine, ſend me immediately

ately *Philanders* Letter inclos'd, that if any remains of ſhagrien poſſeſs me, they may be totally vanquiſht by twelve a Clock.

Silvia

She having with much diffi-culty writ this, read it to her truſty confident; for this was the only ſecret of her Ladys ſhe was reſolv'd never to diſcover to *Briljard*, and to the end he might know nothing of it, ſhe ſeal'd the Letter with Wax; But before ſhe ſeal'd it, ſhe told her Lady, ſhe thought ſhe might have ſpar'd abundance of her bluſhes, and have writ a leſs kind Letter, for a word of invitation or conſent, wou'd have ſerv'd as well: To which *Silvia* replyed, her anger againſt him was too high, not to give him all the de-

ſeat

ſeat imaginable, and the greater the Love appear'd, the greater wou'd be the revenge, when he ſhou'd come to know (as in time he ſhou'd) how like a falſe friend ſhe had treated him: This reaſon or any at that time wou'd have ſerv'd *Antonett*, whoſe heart was ſet upon the new adventure, and in ſuch haſte ſhe was (the night coming on a pace) to know how ſhe ſhou'd dreſs, and what more was to be done, that ſhe only went out to call the Page, and meeting *Briljard*, (who watcht every bodies motion) on the Stair-Caſe, he ask'd her what that was, and ſhe ſaid to ſend by *Octavio's* Page: *You need not look in it* ſaid ſhe (when he ſnatcht it haſtily out of her hand): *For I can tell you the contents, and 'tis ſeal'd ſo it muſt be known if you unrip it: Well, well,* ſaid he, *if you tell it*

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me it will ſatisfie my curioſity as well; therefore I'le give it the Page. She returns in again to her Lady, and he to his own Chamber to read what anſwer the dear Object of his deſire had ſent to his forg'd one: So opening it, he found it ſuch as his Soul wiſht: and was all joy and extaſie, he views himſelf a hundred times in the glaſs, and ſet himſelf in Order with all the Opinion and pride, as if his own good parts had gain'd him the bleſſing; he inlarg'd himſelf as he walkt, and knew not what to do, ſo extreamly was he raviſht with his coming Joy, he bleſt himſelf, his Wit, his Stars his Fortune, then read the dear obliging Letter, and kiſt it all over, as if it had been meant to him, and after he had forc'd himſelf to a little more ſerious conſideration, he bethought himſelf

of what he had to do in Order to this dear appointment: He finds in her Letter, that in the first place he was to send her the Letter from *Philander*: I told you before he took *Octavio*'s Letter from the Page; when he understood his Lord was going five Leagues out of Town to the *Prince*. *Octavio* cou'd not avoid his going and write to *Silvia*; in which he sent her the Letter *Philander* writ, wherein was the first part of the confession of his love to Madam the Countess of *Clarinau*: Generously *Octavio* sent it without terms; but *Briljard* slid his own forg'd one into *Antonetts* hand, in Lieu of it, and now he read that from *Philander*, and wonder'd at his Lords inconstancy, yet glad of the opportunity to take *Silvia's* heart a little more off from him, he soon re-

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ſolv'd ſhe ſhou'd have the Letter, but being wholly mercenary, and fearing, that either when once ſhe had it, it might make her go back from her promis'd aſſignation, or at leaſt put her out of humour, ſo as to ſpoil a great part of the entertainment he deſign'd: He took the pains to counterfeit another Billet to her, which was this,

To *Silvia.*

Madam,

SInce we have began to chaffer, you muſt give me leave to make the beſt of the advantage I find I have upon you; and having violated my Honour to *Philander*, allow the breach of it in ſome degree on other occaſions; not but I have all the obedience

and Adoration for you that ever poſſeſt the Soul of a moſt paſſionate and languiſhing Lover: But fair *Silvia*, I know not whether, when you have ſeen the ſecret of the falſe *Philander*, you may not think it leſs valuable than you before did, and ſo defraud me of my due. Give me leave, oh wonderous Creature! to ſuſpect even the moſt perfect of your Sex; and to tell you that I will no ſooner approach your preſence, but I will reſign the paper you ſo much wiſh; if you ſend me no anſwer, I will come according to your Directions; if you do, I muſt obey and wait, tho with that impatience that never attended a ſuffering Lover, or any, but,

Divine Creature, your

Octavio.

This

This he ſeal'd and after a convenient diſtance of time, carried as from the Page to *Antonett*, who was yet contriving with her Lady, to whom ſhe gives it, who read it with abundance of impatience, being extreamly angry at the rudeneſs of the ſtile, which ſhe fancy'd much alter'd from what it was, and had not her rage blinded her, ſhe might eaſily have perceiv'd the difference too of the Character, tho it come as near to the like as poſſible ſo ſhort a practice cou'd produce: She took it with the other, and tore it in pieces; with rage, and ſwore ſhe wou'd be reveng'd; but after calmer thoughts ſhe took up the pieces to keep, to upbraid him with, and fell to weeping, for anger, defeat, and ſhame; but the *April* ſhow'r being paſt, ſhe return'd to her former reſentment, and had

some pleasure amidst all her torment of fears, jealousies, and sense of *Octavio's* disrespect, in the thoughts of revenge; in Order to which she contrives how *Antonett* shall manage her self, and commanding her to bring out some fine point Linnen, she dress up *Antonett's* head with them, and put her on a Shift lac'd with the same; for tho she intended no Light shou'd be in the Chamber, when *Octavio* shou'd enter; she knew he understood by his touch the difference of fine things from other, in fine having dress her exactly, as she her self us'd to be, when she receiv'd *Octavio's* Visits in Bed, she imbrac'd her, and fancy'd she was much of her own shape and bigness, and that 'twas impossible to find the deceit; and now she made *Antonett* dress her up in her Cloaths, and mob-

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bing her Sarcenet hood about her head, ſhe appear'd ſo like *Antonett* (all but the face) that 'twas not eaſie to diſtinguish 'em; And Night coming on they both long for the hour of twelve, tho with different deſigns; and having before given notice that *Silvia* was gone to Bed, and wou'd receive no Viſit that Night, they were alone to finish all their buſineſs, this while *Briljard* was not idle, but having a fine *B*ath made he washt and perfum'd his Body and after dreſt himſelf in the fineſt Linnen perfum'd, that he had, and made himſelf as fit as poſſible for his deſign, nor was his shape which was very good, or his ſtature unlike to that of *Octavio*: And ready for the approach, he conveys himſelf out of the houſe telling his ſootman, he wou'd put himſelf to Bed after his Ba-

thing, and locking his Chamber door, ſtole out, and it being dark many a longing turn he walk'd impatient till all the Candles were out in every Room of the Houſe; in the mean time he imploy'd his thoughts on a thouſand things, but all relating to *Silvia*; ſometimes the Treachery he shew'd in this Action to his Lord, cauſed short liv'd blushes in his Face, which vanisht as ſoon, when he conſider'd his Lord falſe to the moſt beautiful of her Sex: Sometimes he accus'd and curſt the Levity of *Silvia*, that cou'd yield to *Octavio*, and was as jealous as if she had indeed been to have receiv'd that Charming Lover, but when his thought directed him to his own happineſs, his Pulſe beat high, his blood flasht apace in his Cheeks, his eyes languisht with Love; and his Body with a ſe-

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verish fit? in these extreams by turns he past at least three teadious hours, with a striking watch in his hand; and when it told 'twas twelve, he advanc'd nearer the door, but finding it shut walk'd yet with greater impatience every half minute going to the door; at last he found it yield to his hand that pusht it: But oh, what mortal can express his Joy, his heart beats double, his knees tremble, and a feebleness seizes every Limb, he breaths nothing but short sighs, and is ready in the dark hall to fall on the Floor, and was forc'd to lean on the rail that begins the Stairs to take a little Courage: While he was there recruting himself, intent on nothing but his vast joy; *Octavio* who going to meet the *Prince*, being met half way by that young *Hero* was dispatch back again with-

out advancing to the end of his five Leagues, and impatient to ſee *Silvia*, after *Philanders* Letter that he had ſent her, or at leaſt impatient to hear how ſhe took it, and in what condition ſhe was, he, as ſoon as he alighted, went towards her houſe in hope to have met *Antonett*, or her Page, or ſome that cou'd inform him of her welfare; tho 'twas uſual for *Silvia* to ſet up very late, and he had often made her Viſits at that hour: And *Briljard* wholly intent on his adventure, had left the door open, ſo that *Octavio* perceiving it, believ'd they were all up in the back rooms where *Silvia's*, apartment was towards a Garden, for he ſaw no light forward; but he was no ſooner enter'd (which he did without noiſe) but he heard a ſoft breathing, which made him make a

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ſtand in the Hall: And by and by he heard the ſoft tread of ſome body deſcending the Stairs: At this he approaches near, and the Hall being a Marble floor, his tread was not heard: When he heard one cry with a ſigh——, *Whoſe there?* And another reply, *'tis I, who are you?* The firſt reply'd, *a faithful and an impatient Lover. Give me your hand then,* reply'd the female voice, *I will conduct you to your happineſs*; you may imagine in what ſurprize *Octavio* was, at ſo unexpected an adventure, and like a jealous Lover did not at all doubt but the happineſs expected was *Silvia*, and the impatient Lover ſome one whom he cou'd not imagine, but rav'd within to know, and in a moment ran over in his thoughts all the men of quallity or celibrated Beauty, or Fortune

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in the Town, but was at as great a loſs, as at firſt thinking: *But be thou, who thou wilt*, cry'd he to himſelf, *Traytor as thou art, I will by thy death revenge my ſelf on the faithleſs Fair One*; and taking out his Sword, he advanc'd toward the Stairs foot, when he heard them both ſoftly aſcend; but being a man of perfect good Nature, as all the brave and witty are, he reflected on the ſevere uſage he had had from *Silvia*, notwithſtanding all his induſtry, his vaſt expence, and all the advantages of Nature. This thought made him in the midſt of all his jealouſie and haſte, pawſe a little moment, and fain he wou'd have perſwaded himſelf, that what h heard was the Errors of his ſen e; or that he dream'd, or that it was at leaſt not to *Silvia*, to whom this yet

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aſcending Lover was advancing; but to undeceive him of that favourable imagination, they were no ſooner on the top of the Stairs, but he not being many ſteps behind cou'd both hear and ſee by the ill light of a great Saſh window on the Stair Caſe: The happy Lover enter the Chamber door of *Silvia*, which he knew too well to be miſtaken, not that he cou'd perceive who or what they were, but two perſons not to be diſtinguiſht. Oh what human fancy (but that of a Lover to that degree that was our young *Hero*,) can imagine the amazement and torture of his Soul, wherein a thouſand other paſſions reign'd at once, and maugre all his Courage and reſolution forc'd him to ſink beneath their weight, he ſtood holding himſelf up by the rails of the Stair Caſe, without having

having the power to aſcend farther, or to ſhew any other ſigns of life, but that of ſighing, had he been a favour'd Lover, had he been a known declar'd Lover, to all the World, had he but hop'd he had had ſo much int'reſt with the falſe Beauty, as but to have been deſign'd upon for a future love or uſe, he wou'd have ruſht in, and have made the guilty Night a Covert to a Scene of Blood; but even yet he had an awe upon his Soul for the perjur'd Fair One, tho at the ſame time he reſolv'd ſhe ſhou'd be the the object of his hate; for the Nature of his honeſt Soul abhor'd an Action ſo treacherous and baſe: He begins in a moment from all his good thoughts of her, to think her the moſt Jilting of her Sex, he knew if int'reſt cou'd oblige her, no man in *Holland* had a better

ter pretence to her than himſelf, who had already without any return even ſo much as hope, preſented her the vallue of eight or ten thouſand pound, in fine Plate and Jewels: If it were looſer deſire he fancy'd himſelf to have appear'd as capable to have ſerv'd her as any man, but oh he conſiders there is a fate in things, a deſtiny in Love that elevates and advances the moſt mean, deform'd, or abject, and debaſes and contemns the moſt worthy and magnificent: Then he wonders at her excellent art of diſſembling for *Philander*, he runs in a minute over all her Paſſions of rage, jealouſie, tears and ſoftneſs, and now he hates the whole Sex, and thinks 'em all like *Silvia*, than which nothing cou'd appear more deſpicable to his preſent thought, and with a ſmile (while yet

yet his heart was insensibly breaking, he fancies himself a very Coxcomb, a Cully, an impos'd on Fool, and a conceited Fop: Value's *Silvia* as a common fair Jilt, whose whole design was to deceive the World, and make her self a Fortune, at the price of her Honour, one that receives all kind bidders, and that he being too lavish, and too modest was reserv'd the Cully on purpose to be undone and Jilted out of all his fortune; This thought was so perfectly fixt in him that he recover'd out of his excess of pain, and fancy'd himself perfectly cur'd of his blind passion, resolves to leave her to her beastly entertainment, and to depart? but before he did so, *Silvia* (who had conducted the Amorous Spark to the Bed where the expecting Lady lay dress't rich and sweet to receive him) return'd

out

out of the Chamber, and the light being a little more favourable to his eyes, by his being ſo long in the dark, he perceiv'd it *Antonett*, at leaſt ſuch a ſort of figure, as he fancy'd her, and to confirm him ſaw her go into that Chamber where he knew ſhe lay; he ſaw her perfect dreſs, and all confirm'd him; this brought him back almoſt to his former confuſion, but yet he commands his paſſion, and deſcended the Stairs, and got himſelf out of the Hall into the Street; and *Silvia* having forgot the ſtreet door was open, went and ſhut it, and return'd to *Antonett*'s Chamber with the Letter, which *Briljard* had given to *Antonett*, as ſhe lay in the Bed, believing it *Silvia*, for that trembling Lover was no ſooner enter'd the Chamber and approacht the Bed ſide, but he kneel'd before it

and

and offer'd the price of his happineſs, this Letter; which ſhe immediately gave to *Silvia* unperceiv'd, who quitted the Room; and now with all the eager haſt of impatient love, ſhe ſtrikes a Light and falls to reading the ſad contents; but as ſhe read ſhe many times fainted over the Paper, and as ſhe has ſince ſaid 'twas a wonder ſhe ever recover'd, having no body with her, by that time ſhe had finiſht it, ſhe was ſo ill ſhe was not able to get her ſelf into Bed, but threw her ſelf down on the place where ſhe ſate which was the ſide of it, in ſuch agonies of grief and deſpair, as never any Soul was poſſeſt of; but *Silvia*'s wholly abandon'd to the violence of Loves and deſpair: it is impoſſible to paint a torment to expreſs hers by, and tho' ſhe had vow'd to *Antonett* it ſhou'd

not at all effect her, being so prepossest before; yet when she had the confirmation of her fears, and heard his own dear soft words addrest to another object, saw his transports, his impatience, his languishing, industry; and indeavour to obtain the new desire of his soul; she found her resentment above rage, and given over to a more silent and less supportable torment, brought her self into a high Fever; where she lay without so much as calling for Aid in this extremity, not that she was afraid the cheat she had put on *Octavio* would be discover'd, for she had lost the remembrance that any such prank was plaid; and in this multitude of thoughts of more concern, had forgot all the rest of that Nights action.

Octavio this while was traversing the street wrapt in his Cloke just

juſt as if he had come from Horſe, for he was no ſooner gone from the door, but his reſenting paſſion return'd, and he reſolv'd to go up again, and diſturb the Lovers, tho it coſt him his life and fame: But returning haſtily to the door he found it ſhut; at which being inrag'd he was often about to break it open, but ſtill ſome unperceivable reſpect for *Silvia* prevented him, but he reſolv'd not to ſtir from the door, till he ſaw the fortunate rogue come out, who had given him all this torment? at firſt he curſt himſelf for being ſo much concern'd for *Silvia* or her actions, to waſte a minute, but flattering himſelf that it was not love to her, but pure curioſity to know the man, who was made the next fool to himſelf, tho the more happy one, he waited all Night, and when he

he began to ſee the day break, which he thought a thouſand years; his Eye was never off from the door, and wonder'd at their confidence, who wou'd let the day break upon them, *but the Cloſe drawn Curtains there*, cry'd he, *favours the happy Villainy*: Still he walk'd on, and ſtill he might for any Rival that was to appear for a moſt unlucky accident prevented *Briljard*'s coming out, as he doubly intended to do, firſt for the better carrying on of his cheat of being *Octavio*; and next that he had challeng'd *Octavio* to fight, and when he knew his Error, deſign'd to have gone this morning and ask'd him pardon if he had been return'd; but the Amorous Lover over Night, ordering himſelf, for the incounter to the beſt advantage had ſent a Note to a Doctor, for ſomething that wou'd

incourage

incourage his ſpirits, the Doctor came, and opening a little Box, wherein was a powerful Medicine: He told him that a Doſe of thoſe little flies wou'd make him come off with wonderous Honour in the Battail of Love, and the Doctor being gone to call for a glaſs of Sack, the Doctor having laid out of the Box what he thought requiſite on a piece of Paper, and leaving the Box open; our Spark thought if ſuch a Doſe wou'd incourage him ſo, a greater wou'd yet make him do greater Wonders, and taking twice the quantity out of the Box, puts 'em into his pocket, and having drunk the firſt with full directions, the Doctor leaves him, who was no ſooner gone, but he takes thoſe out of his pocket, and in a glaſs of Sack drinks 'em down; after this he bathes and dreſſes, and believes

believes himself a very *Hercules* that cou'd have got at least twelve Sons that happy Night; But he was no sooner laid in Bed with the Charming *Silvia* as he thought, but he was taken with intollerable gripes and pains, such as he had never felt before, insomuch as he was not able to lie in the bed, this enrages him, he grows mad and asham'd, sometimes he had little intermissions for a moment of ease, and then he wou'd plead softly by her Bed side, and ask ten thousand pardons, which being easily granted he wou'd come into bed again, but then the pain wou'd seize him anew, so that after two or three hours of distraction he was forc'd to dress and retire; but instead of going down he went softly up to his own Chamber, where he sate him down and

curst

curſt the World himſelf and his hard fate; and in this extremity of pain, ſhame and grief, he re-remain'd till break of day: By which time *Antonett* who was moſt violently afflicted, got her Coats on, and went to her own Chamber, where ſhe found her Lady more dead than alive: She immediately ſhifted her bed Linnen, and made her Bed, and conducted her to it; without indeavouring to divert her with the Hiſtory of her own misfortune; and only ask'd her many queſtions concerning her being thus ill, to which the wretched *Silvia* only anſwer'd with ſighs, ſo that *Antonett* perceiv'd 'twas the Letter that had diſorder'd her, and begg'd ſhe might be permitted to ſee it; ſhe gave her leave and *Antonett* read it, but no ſooner was ſhe come to that part of it,

it which nam'd the Counteſs of *Clarinau*, but ſhe ask'd her Lady if ſhe underſtood who that perſon was, with great amazement? At this *Silvia* was content to ſpeak, pleas'd a little that ſhe ſhou'd have an account of her Rival. *No*, ſaid ſhe, *Doſt thou know her*, *Yes Madam*, replyed *Antonett particularly well, for I have ſerv'd her ever ſince I was a Girle of five years old; ſhe being of the ſame Age with me, and ſent at ſix years old both to a Monaſtery; for ſhe being fond of my play, her Father ſent me at that Age with her, both to ſerve and to divert her with Babies and Baubles, there we liv'd ſeven years together, when an old rich Spaniard, the Count of* Clarinau, *fell in love with my Lady, and married her from the Monaſtery, before ſhe had ſeen any part of the World beyond thoſe ſanctified*

Walls. She cry'd bitterly to have had me to Collen *with her, but he ſaid I was too youug now for her ſervice, and ſo ſent me away back to my own Town, which is this, and here my Lady was born too, and is Siſter to* ——Here ſhe ſtopt, fearing to tell; which *Silvia* perceiving, with a briskneſs (which her indiſpoſition one wou'd have thought cou'd not have allow'd) ſate up in her Bed and cry'd. *Hah Siſter to whom? Oh, how thou wou'dſt pleaſe me to ſay, to* Octavio, *why Madam wou'd it pleaſe you* ſaid the bluſhing Maid. *Becauſe* ſaid *Silvia, 'twou'd in part revenge me on his bold Addreſſes to me, and he wou'd alſo be oblig'd in honour to his Family, to revenge himſelf on* Philander. *Ah Madam* ſaid ſhe, *as to his preſumption towards you, fortune has ſufficiently reveng'd it*; at this ſhe hung down her

her head and look'd very fooliſhly: *How*, ſaid *Silvia* ſmiling and rearing her ſelf yet more in her Bed, *is any misfortuue arriv'd to* Octavio. *Oh how I will triumph and upbraid the daring man—— tell me quickly what it is? for nothing wou'd rejoyce me more than to hear he were puniſht a little*; Upon this *Antonett* told her what an unlucky Night ſhe had, how *Octavio* was ſeiz'd, and how he departed, by which *Silvia* believ'd he had made ſome diſcovery of the cheat that was put upon him, and that he only feign'd illneſs to get himſelf looſe from her imbraces; and now ſhe falls to conſidering how ſhe ſhall be reveng'd on both her Lovers: And the beſt ſhe can pitch upon is that of ſetting them both at odds, and making 'em fight and revenge themſelves on one ano-

ther ; but ſhe like a right Woman, cou'd not diſſemble her reſentment of jealouſie, what ever art ſhe had to do ſo in any other point; but mad to eaſe her Soul that was full; and to upbraid *Philander*, ſhe writes him a Letter, but not till ſhe had once more, to make her ſtark mad, read his over again ; which he ſent *Octavio*.

Silvia to Philander.

YEs perjur'd Villain, at laſt all thy perfidy is arriv'd to my knowledge ; and thou hadſt better have been damn'd, or have fall'n, like an ungrateful Traytor as thou art, under the publique ſhame of dying by the common Executioner, than have fall'n under the graſp of my re-

venge

venge, insatiate as thy Lust, false as thy Treasons to thy Prince, fatal as thy destiny, lowd as thy infamy, and bloody as thy party. Villain, Villain, where got you the courage to use me thus, knowing my injuries, and my Spirit; thou seest base Traytor, I do not fall on thee with treachery, as thou hast on thy King and Mistress, to which thou has broke thy Holy vows of allegiance and Eternal Love! but thou that hast broke the Laws of God and Nature! What cou'd I expect, when neither Religion, Honour, common Justice, nor Law cou'd bind thee to humanity; thou that betray'd thy Prince, abandon'd thy Wife, renounc'd thy Child, kill'd thy Mother, ravisht thy Sister, and art in open Rebellion against thy Native Country, and very Kindred, and Brothers. Oh after this what

what muſt the Wretch expect, who has believ'd thee, and follow'd thy abject fortunes, the miſerable outcaſt Slave, and contempt of the World; what cou'd ſhe expect, but that the Villain is ſtill potent in thee unrepented, and all the Lover dead and gone, the Vice remains and all the Virtue vaniſht. Oh, what cou'd I expect from ſuch a Divel, ſo loſt in ſin and wickedneſs, that even thoſe, for whom he ventur'd all his Fame, and loſt his Fortune, lent like a State Cully upon the publique Faith, on the ſecurity of Rogues, Knaves and Traytors; even thoſe I ſay turn'd him out of their Councels, for a reprobate too lewd for the villainous ſociety: Oh, curſt that I was by Heaven and Fate, to be blind and deaf to all thy infamy, and ſuffer thy adorable bewitching face

Face and Tongue to charm me to madneſs and undoing, when that was all thou hadſt left thee thy falſe perſon, to cheat the ſilly, eaſie, fond, believing World, into any ſort of opinion of thee, for not one good principle was left; not one poor vertue to guard thee from Damnation, thou hadſt but one friend left thee, one true, one real Friend, and that was wretched *Silvia*, ſhe, when all abandon'd thee but the Executioner, fled with thee, ſuffer'd with thee, ſtarv'd with thee, loſt her Fame and Honour with thee, loſt her friend, her Parents, and all her Beauties hopes for thee, and in lieu of all, found only the accuſation of all the good, the hate of all the Virtuous, the reproaches of her kindred, the ſcorn of all chaſt Maids, and curſes of all honeſt Wives; and in requital had only

thy falſe Vows, thy empty love, thy faithleſs imbraces, and cold diſſembl'd kiſſes. My only comfort was, (ah miſerable comfort) to fancy they were true; now that's departed too, and I have nothing but a brave revenge left in the room of all! in vvhich I'le be as mercileſs and irreligious as even thou haſt been in all thy Actions; and there remains about me only this ſenſe of Honour yet; that I dare tell thee of my bold deſign; a bravery thou haſt never ſhew'd to me, who takeſt me unawares, ſtab'ſt me without a warning of the blow; ſo wou'd thou ſerve thy King hadſt thou but power; and ſo thou ſerv'ſt thy Miſtreſs; vvhen I look back even to thy infancy, thy life has been but one continu'd race of treachery, and I (deſtin'd thy evil genius) was born for thy

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tormenter, for thou haſt made a very Fiend of me, and I have Hell within; all rage, all torment, fire, diſtraction, madneſs; I rave, I burn, I tear my ſelf and faint, am ſtill a dying, but can never fall, till I have graſpt thee with me: Oh, I ſhou'd laugh in flames to ſee thee howling by: I ſcorn thee, hate thee, loath thee more than ever I have lov'd thee, and hate my ſelf ſo much for ever loving thee, (to be reveng'd upon the filthy, Criminal) I will expoſe my ſelf to all the World, Cheat, Jilt, and flatter all as thou haſt done, and having not one ſenſe or grain of Honour left, will yield the abandon'd body, thou haſt rifl'd to every asking Fop: Nor is that all, for they that purchaſe this, ſhall buy it at the price of being my *Bravos*: And all ſhall aid in my re-

venge on thee; all mercileſs and as reſolv'd as I; as I! The injur'd *Silvia*

Having ſhot this flash of the lightning of her Soul, and finisht her rant, ſhe found her ſelf much eaſier in the reſolves on revenge, she had fix'd there? she ſcorn'd by any vain indeavour to recal him from his paſſion, she had wit enough to have made thoſe eternal obſervations, that love once gone is never to be retriev'd, and that it was impoſſible to ceaſe loving, and then again to love the ſame perſon, one may believe for ſometime ones love is abated, but when it comes to a tryal, it shews it ſelf as vigorous as in its firſt shine; and finds its own Error, but when once one comes to love a new Object, it can never return with more than pity, compaſſion, or civility for the firſt: This is a moſt certain

certain truth which all Lovers will find, as moſt Wives may experience, and which our *Silvia* now took for granted, and gave him over for dead to all but her revenge. Tho Fits of ſoftneſs, weeping, raving, and tearing, wou'd by turns ſeize the diſtracted abandon'd Beauty; in which extremities ſhe has recourſe to ſcorn and Pride, too feeble to aid her too often: The firſt thing ſhe reſolv'd on by the advice of her reaſonable Councellor, was to hear Love at both her ears, no matter whether ſhe regard it or not, but to hear all as a remedy againſt loving one in particular, for 'tis moſt certain that the uſe of hearing Love, or of making Love (tho' at firſt without deſign) either in Women or men, ſhall at laſt unfix the moſt confirm'd and conſtant reſoluti-

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on. *And ſince you are aſſur'd* continued *Antonett, that ſighs nor tears brings back the wander'd Lover, and that dying for him will be no revenge on him, but rather a kind aſſurance that you will no more trouble the man, who is already weary of you, you ought with all your power, induſtry, and Reaſon rather to ſeek the preſervation of that Beauty, and fine humour to ſerve you on all occaſions, either for revenge or love, than by a fooliſh and inſignificant Concern and Sorrow reduce your ſelf to the condition of being ſcorn'd by all, or at beſt but pitty'd*: How pity'd cry'd the haughty *Silvia*, is there any thing ſo inſupportable to our Sex as pity! No ſurely reply'd the Servant, when 'tis accompany'd by Love; Oh what bleſſed comfort 'tis to hear people cry—— She was once Charming, once a Beauty

Beauty; is any thing more grating Madam? At this rate she ran on, and left nothing unsaid that might animate the Angry *Silvia* to love a new, or at least to receive and admit of love, for in that Climate, the Air Naturally breeds Spirits avaritious, and much inclines 'em to the Love of Mony, which they will gain at any price or hazard, and all this discourse to *Silvia* was but to incline the revengeful listening Beauty to admit of the Addresses of *Octavio*, because she knew he wou'd make her fortune. Thus was the unhappy Maid, left by her own unfortunate conduct, incompass'd in on every side with distraction; and she was pointed out by fate to be made the most wretch'd of all her Sex, nor had she left one faithful friend to advise or stay her youth in its hasty

ſty advance to ruin; ſhe hears the perſwading Eloquence of the flattering Maid, and finds now nothing ſo prevailent on her Soul as revenge, and nothing ſoo hsit more? and amongſt all her Lovers, or thoſe at leaſt that ſhe knew ador'd her, none was found ſo proper an inſtrument as the Noble *Octavio*, his youth, his Wit, his Gallantry, but above all his fortune pleads moſt powerful with her; ſo that ſhe. reſolves upon the Revenge and fixes him the man; whom ſhe now knew by ſo many Obligations was oblig'd to ſerve her turn on *Philander*: Thus *Silvia* found a little tranquillity, ſuch as it was, in hope of revenge, while the paſſionate *Octavio* was wreck'd with a thouſand pains and torments, ſuch as none but Jilted Lovers can imagine, and having a thouſand times reſolv'd to hate her,

her, and as often to love on, in ſpight of all—after a thouſand arguments againſt her, and as many in favour of her, he arriv'd only to this knowledge, that his love was extream, and that he had no power over his heart, that Honour, Fame, Intereſt, and whatever elſe might oppoſe his Violent flame, were all too weak to extinguiſh the leaſt ſpark of it, and all the Conqueſt he cou'd get of himſelf was, that he ſuffer'd all his torment, all the Hell of raging Jealouſie grown to Confirmation, and all the pangs of abſence for that whole day, and had the Courage to live on the Rack without eaſing one moment of his Agony by a Letter or Billet; which in ſuch caſes diſcharges the burthen and preſſures of the love ſick heart; and *Silvia* who dreſt, and ſuffer'd her ſelf wholly to be

carry'd

carry'd away by her Vengeance, expected him with as much impatience as ever she did the coming of the once adorable *Philander*, tho with a different passion; but all the live long day past in expectation of him. and no Lover appear'd; no not so much as a Billet, nor page at her uprising to ask her health, so that believing he had been very ill indeed, from what *Antonett* told her of his being so all Night, and fearing now that it was no discovery of the cheat put upon him by the exchange of the Maid for the Mistress, but real sickness, she resolv'd to send to him, and the rather because *Antonett* assur'd her he was really sick, and in a cold damp sweat all over his face and hands which she toucht, and that from his infinite concern at the defeat, the extreme respect he shew'd her in midst

midſt of all, the rage at his own diſappointment, and every Circumſtance, ſhe knew it was no feign'd thing for any diſcovery he had made: On this confirmation, from a Maid cunning enough to diſtinguiſh truth from flattery, ſhe write *Octavio* this letter at Night.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

AFter ſuch a parting from a Maid ſo intirely kind to you; ſhe might at leaſt have hop'd the favour of a Billet from you, to have inform'd her of your health; unleſs you think that after we have ſurrender'd all we are of the Humour of moſt of your Sex, who deſpiſe the obliger, but I believ'd you a man above the little Crimes and Levities of your race, and I am yet

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ſo hard to be drawn from that opinion; I am willing to flatter my ſelf, that 'tis yet ſome other reaſon that has hinder'd you from viſiting me ſince, or ſending me an account of your recovery, which I am too ſenſible of to believe was feign'd, and which indeed has made me ſo tender, that I eaſily forgive all the diſappointment I receiv'd from it; and beg you will not afflict your ſelf at any loſs you ſuſtain'd by it, ſince I am ſtill, ſo much the ſame I was, to be as ſenſible as before of all the obligations I have to you, ſend me word immediately how you do, for on that depends a great part of the happineſs of

Silvia

You may eaſily ſee by this Letter ſhe was not in a humour of either writing love or much flattery, for yet ſhe knew not how ſhe

ſhe ought to reſent this abſence in all kinds from *Octavio*, and therefore with what force ſhe cou'd put upon a Soul too wholly taken up with the thoughts of another, more dear and more afflicting, ſhe only writ this to fetch one from him, that by it ſhe might learn part of his ſentiment of her laſt Action, and ſent her Page with it to him; who, as was uſual, was carried directly up to *Octavio*, whom he found in a Gallery walking in a moſt dejected poſture without a Hat, unbrac'd, his Arms a croſs his open breaſt; and his eyes bent to the Floor; and not taking any notice when the Pages enter'd, his own was forc'd to pull him by the Sleeve, before he wou'd look up, and ſtarting from a thouſand thoughts that oppreſt him almoſt to death, he gaz'd wildly about him and

ask'd

ask'd their buſineſs: When the Page deliver'd him the Letter; he took it, but with ſuch confuſion as he had much a do to ſupport himſelf, but reſolving not to ſhew his feebleneſs to her Page he made a ſhift to get to a Wax Light, that was on the Table and read it; and was not much amaz'd at the contents, believing ſhe was perſuing the buſineſs of her Sex and Life, and Jilting him on; (for ſuch was his opinion of all Women now) he forc'd a ſmile of ſcorn, tho' his Soul were burſting, and turning to the Page gave him a liberal reward, as was his daily uſe when he came, and Muſter'd up ſo much Courage as to force himſelf to ſay—*Child tell your Lady it requires no anſwer, you may tell her too, that I am in perfect good Health*——He was oppreſt to ſpeak more, but ſighs ſtopp'd

ſtopp'd him, and his former reſolution, wholly to abandon all corriſpondence with her, check'd his forward Tongue; and he walk'd away to prevent himſelf from ſaying more: While the Page, who wonder'd at this turn of Love, after a little waiting, departed, and when *Octavio* had ended his walk, and turn'd, and ſaw him gone, his heart felt a thouſand pangs not to be born or ſupported; he was often ready to recal him, and was angry the *Boy* did not urge him for an anſwer, he read the Letter again, and wonders at nothing now after her laſt nights Action, tho all was riddle to him; he found 'twas writ to ſome happier man than himſelf, however he chanc'd to have it by miſtake, and turning to the outſide, view'd the ſuperſcription; where there happen'd to be none

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at all, for *Silvia* writ in haſte and when ſhe did it 'twas the leaſt of her thoughts: And now he believ'd he had found out the real Myſtery, that it was not meant to him; he therefore calls his Page, whom he ſent immediately after that of *Silvia*, who being yet below (for the Lads were laughing together for a moment) he brought him to his diſtracted Lord; who nevertheleſs aſſum'd a mildneſs to the innocent Boy, and cry'd *My Child thou haſt miſtaken the perſon to whom thou ſhou'dſt have carried the Letter, and I am ſorry I open'd it; pray return it to the happy Man 'twas meant to*, giving him the Letter; *My Lord* reply'd the Boy, *I do not uſe to carry Letters to any but your Lordſhip: 'Tis the footmens buſineſs to do that to other perſons: 'Tis a miſtake, where ever it*

it lies, cry'd *Octavio* ſighing, *whether in thee or thy Lady* — So turning from the wondering Boy he left him to return with his Letter to his Lady, who grew mad at the relation of what ſhe heard from the Page, and notwithſtanding the torment ſhe had on her Soul occaſioned by *Philander*, ſhe now found ſhe had more to indure, and that in ſpight of all her love Vows and reſentments, ſhe had ſomething for *Octavio* to which ſhe cou'd not give a Name, ſhe fancies it all pride, and concern for the indignity put on her Beauty? but what ever it was this ſlight of his ſo wholly took up her Soul, that ſhe had for ſometime quite forgot *Philander*, or when ſhe did think on him 'twas with leſs reſentment than of this affront; ſhe conſiders *Philander* with ſome excuſe now; as having

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ing long been poſſeſt of a happineſs he might grow weary off; but a new Lover, who had for ſix months inceſſantly lain at her feet, imploring, dying, vowing, weeping, ſighing, giving, and acting all things the moſt paſſionate of men was capable of, orthat love cou'd inſpire; for him to be at laſt admitted to the poſſeſſion of the raviſhing Object of his Vows and Soul, to be laid in her Bed; nay in her very Arms (as She imagin'd he thought) and then, even before gathering the Roſes he came to pluck, before he had begun to compoſe, or finiſht his Noſegay: To depart the happy Paradiſe with a diſguſt, and ſuch a diſguſt, as firſt to oblige him to diſſemble ſickneſs, and next fall even from all his Civilities: Was a contempt ſhe was not able to bear: eſpecially from him

him who of all men living ſhe deſign'd to make the greateſt property of, as moſt fit for her revenge, of all degrees and ſorts: But when ſhe reflected with reaſon, (which ſhe ſeldom did, for either Love or rage blinded that) ſhe cou'd not conceive it poſſible that *Octavio* cou'd be fall'n ſo ſuddenly from all his Vows and profeſſions, but on ſome very great provocation: Sometimes ſhe thinks he tempted her to try her Vertue to *Philander*, and being a perfect Honourable friend, hates her for her Levity, but ſhe conſiders his preſents, and his unwearied induſtry, and believes he wou'd not at that expence have bought a knowledg which cou'd profit neither himſelf or *Philander*; then ſhe believes ſome diſguſtful Scent or ſomething about *Antonett* might diſoblige him; but having call'd the Maid

Conjuring her to tell her whether any thing paſt between her and *Octavio*; ſhe again told her Lady the whole truth, in which there cou'd be no diſcovery of infirmity there; ſhe imbrac'd her, ſhe kiſs'd her boſom, and found her touches ſoft, her breath and Boſom ſweet as any thing in Nature cou'd be; and now loſt almoſt in a Confuſion of thought, ſhe cou'd not tell what to imagine; at laſt ſhe being wholly poſſeſt that all the fault was not in *Octavio*, (for too often we believe as we hope) ſhe concludes that *Antonett* has told him all the cheat ſhe put upon him: This laſt thought pleas'd her, becauſe it ſeem'd the moſt probable, and was the moſt favourable to her ſelf; and a thought, that if true cou'd not do her any injury with him. This ſet her heart

a little to rights, and ſhe grew calm with a belief, that if ſo it was, as now ſhe doubted not, a ſight of her, or a future hope from her, wou'd calm all his diſcontent, and beget a right underſtanding: She therefore reſolves to write to him and own her little fallacy: But before ſhe did ſo; *Octavio* whoſe paſſion was as violent as ever in his Soul, tho 'twas oppreſt with a thouſand torments, and languiſht under as many feeble reſolutions, burſt at laſt into all its former ſoftneſs, and he reſolves to write to the falſe Fair One, and upbraid her with her laſt Nights infidelity: Nor cou'd he ſleep till he had that way Charm'd his ſenſes, and eas'd his ſick afflicted Soul: It being now ten at Night; and he retir'd to his Chamber, he ſet himſelf down, and writ this.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

Madam,

YOu have at laſt taught me a perfect knowledge of my ſelf; and in one unhappy Night, made me ſee all the follies and Vanities of my Soul, which ſelf Love and fond imagination had too long render'd that way guilty; long, long! I've play'd the Fop as others do, and ſhew'd the gaudy Monſieur, and ſet a Value on my worthleſs perſon for being well dreſt, as I believ'd, and furniſht out for Conqueſt, by being the gayeſt Coxcombe in the Town, where even as I paſt perhaps I fancy'd, I made advances on ſome wiſhing hearts, and vain, with but imaginary Victory, I ſtill fool'd on——And

was

was at last undone; for I saw *Silvia*, the Charming faithless *Silvia*; a Beauty that one wou'd have thought had had the power to have cur'd the fond disease of self conceit and foppery, since love they say's a remedy against those faults of youth, but still my vanity was powerful in me, and even this Beauty too: I thought it not impossible to vanquish, and still drest on, and took a mighty care to shew my self——a Blockhead, curse upon me, while you were laughing at my industry, and turn'd the fancying fool to ridicule: Oh, he deserv'd it well; most wondrous well; for but believing any thing about him, cou'd merit but a serious thought from *Silvia*. *Silvia*! whose business is to laugh at all; yet Love, that is my sin, and punishment, reigns still as absolutely in my Soul, as when I

wiſht, and hop'd, and long'd for mighty bleſſings you cou'd give; yes I ſtill love! only this wretchedneſs is fix'd to it, to ſee thoſe Errors which I cannot ſhun; my love's as high, but all my wiſhes gone; my Paſſion ſtill remains entire and raving, but no deſire, I burn, I dye, but do not wiſh to hope, I wou'd be all deſpair, and like a Martyr, am vain and proud even in ſuffering. Yes, *Silvia*——When you made me wiſe, you made me wretch'd too: before, like a falſe Worſhipper, I only ſaw the Gay, the gilded ſide of the deceiving Idol, but now 'tis fall'n—diſcovers all the cheat and ſhews a God no more: and 'tis in Love as in Religion too, there's nothing makes their voteries truly happy but being well deceiv'd: For even in love it ſelf, harmleſs, and innocent, as 'tis

by

by Nature, there needs a little Art to hide the daily diſcontents and torments, that fears diſtruſts, and Jealouſies creats; a little ſoft diſſimulation's needful, for where the Lover's eaſie, he's moſt conſtant. But oh, when love it ſelf's defective too, and manag'd by deſign and little int'reſt, what cunning, oh what cautions ought the fair deſigner then to call to her defence; yet I confeſs your Plot—Still Charming *Silvia!* Was ſubtilly enough contriv'd, diſcreetly carry'd on—The ſhades of Night, the happy Lovers Refuge, favour'd you too: 'twas only fate, was cruel, fate that conducted me, in an unlucky hour, dark as it was, and ſilent too the Night, I ſaw,—Yes, faithleſs Fair, I ſaw, I was betray'd; by too much faith, by too much love undone, I ſaw my fatal ruin and your perfidy: And like

a tame ignoble ſufferer left you without revenge!

I muſt confeſs, oh thou deceiving Fair One, I never cou'd pretend to what *I* wiſht; and yet methinks, becauſe I know my heart, and the entire Devotion that it paid you; I merited at leaſt not to have been impos'd upon; but after ſo diſhonourable an Action, as the betraying the Secret of my friend, it was but juſt that I ſhou'd be betrav'd, and you have paid me well deſerv'dly well, and that ſhall make me ſilent; and what ſo e're I ſuffer, how e're I dye, how e're I languiſh out my wretch'd life, I'le bear my ſighs where you ſhall never hear 'em, nor the reproaches my complaints expreſs: Live thou a puniſhment to vain fantaſtick hoping youth, live and advance in cunning and deceit, to

make

make the fond believing men more wiſe, and teach the Women newer arts of falſhood, till they deceive ſo long, that man may hate and ſet as vaſt a diſtance between Sex and Sex, as I've reſolv'd (oh *Silvia*) thou ſhalt be, for ever from

Octavio.

This letter came juſt as *Silvia* was going to write to him; of which ſhe was extreamly glad, for all along there was nothing expreſt that cou'd make her think he meant any other than the cheat ſhe put upon him in *Antonett* inſtead of her ſelf: And it was ſome eaſe to her mind to be aſſur'd of the cauſe of his anger and abſence, and to find her own thought confirm'd, that he

he had indeed discover'd the truth of the matter: she knew since that was all she cou'd easily reconcile him by a plain confession, and giving him new hopes; she therefore writes this answer to him, which she sent by his Page, who waited for it.

Silvia *to* Octavio.

I. Own too angry, and too nice *Octavio*, the Crime you charge me with; and did believe a person of your Gallantry, Wit, and Gayety wou'd have past over so little a fault, with only reproaching me pleasantly, I did not expect so grave a reproof, or rather so serious an accusation, youth has a thousand follies to answer for, and cannot *Octavio* pardon one sally of it, in *Silvia*; I rather

ther expected to have seen you early here this morning pleasantly rallying my little perfidy, than to find you railing at a distance at it; calling it by a thousand names that does not merit half this malice: And sure you did not think me so poor in good, Nature but I cou'd some other coming hour have made you amends for those you lost last Night, possibly I cou'd have wisht my self with you at the same time; and had I perhaps follow'd my inclination I had made you happy as you wisht, but there were powerful reasons, that prevented me; I conjure you to let me see you, where I will make a confession of my last nights sin, and give you such arguments to convince you of the necessity of it, as shall absolutely reconcile you to love, hope, and——

SILVIA:

Ir.

It being late, ſhe only ſent this ſhort Billet: And not hoping that Night to ſee him, ſhe went to bed, after having inquir'd the health of *Briljard* whom ſhe heard was very ill; and that young defeated Lover finding it impoſſible to meet *Octavio* as he had promis'd, not to fight him but to ask his pardon for his miſtake, he made a ſhift with much ado to write him a Note, which was this:

My Lord,

I Confeſs my yeſterdays rudeneſs, and beg you will give me a Pardon before I leave the World, for I was laſt Night taken violently ill, and am unable to wait on your Lordſhip, to beg what this moſt earneſtly does for

Your Lordſhips moſt Devoted Servant, Briljard.

This

This Billet, tho it ſignifi'd nothing to *Octavio*, it ſerv'd *Silvia* afterwards to very good uſe and purpoſe, as a little time ſhall make appear: And *Octavio* receiv'd theſe two Notes from *Briljard* and *Silvia*, at the ſame time; the one he flung by regardleſs, the other he read with infinite pain, ſcorn, hate, indignation, all at once ſtorm'd in his heart, he felt every paſſion there but that of Love, which caus'd 'em all; if he thought her falſe and ungrateful before, he now thinks her fall'n to the loweſt degree of lewdneſs, to own her Crime with ſuch impudence; he fancies now he's cur'd of Love, and hates her abſolutely, thinks her below even his ſcorn, and puts himſelf to bed, believing he ſhall ſleep as well as before he ſaw the Light, the fooliſh *Silvia*: But oh he boaſts in vain,

vain, the Light, the fooliſh *Silvia* was Charming ſtill; ſtill all the Beauty appear'd, even in his ſlumbers the Angell dawn'd about him, and all the Fend was laid: He ſees her lovely Face, but the falſe heart is hid; he hears her Charming Wit, but all the cunnings huſht; he views the motions of her delicate Body, without regard to thoſe of her mind, he thinks of all the tender words ſhe has given him, in which the Jilting part is loſt, and all forgotten, or if by chance it croſt his happier thought, he rowls and tumble in his Bed, he raves and calls upon her charming Name, till he have quite forgot it, and takes all the pains he can to deceive his own heart: Oh 'tis a tender part; and can indure no hurt; he ſooths it therefore, and at the worſt reſolves, ſince the

vaſt

vaſt bleſſing may be purchas'd, to revel in delight; and cure himſelf that way: Theſe flattering thoughts kept him all night waking, and in the Morning he reſolves his Viſit; but taking up her Letter which lay on the Table, he read it o're again, and by degrees, wrought himſelf up to madneſs, at the thought that *Silvia* was poſſeſt; *Philander* he cou'd bear with little patience, but that becauſe before he lov'd or knew her, he cou'd allow; but this—This wrecks his very Soul; and in his height of fury writes this Letter without conſideration.

Octavio *to* Silvia.

SInce you profeſs your ſelf a common Miſtreſs, and ſet up for the Glorious trade of ſin; ſend

ſend me your price, and I perhaps may purchaſe Damnation at your rate; may be you have a Method in your dealing, and I've miſtook you all this while, and dealt not your way: Inſtruct my youth, great Miſtreſs of the Art, and I ſhall be obedient; tell me which way I may be happy too, and put in for an adventurer; I have a ſtock of ready youth and mony, pray name your time and ſum for hours, or Nights, or months; I will be in at all, or any, as you ſhall find leaſure to receive the

Impatient Octavio.

This in a Mad moment he writ, and ſent it e're he had conſider'd farther, and *Silvia* who expected not ſo courſe and rough a return, grew as mad as he in reading

reading it; and ſhe had much a-do to hold her hands off from beating the innocent Page that brought it: To whom ſhe turn'd with fire in her Eyes, flames in her Cheeks, and Thunder on her Tongue, and cry'd, *Go tell your Maſter, that he is a Villain? and if you dare approach me any more from him? I'le have my Footmen whip you?* and with a ſcorn that diſcover'd all the indignation in the World ſhe turn'd from him and tearing his Note, threw it from her and walk'd her way: And the Page thunderſtruck return'd to his Lord, who by this time was repenting he had manag'd his paſſion no better; and at what the Boy told him, was wholly convinc'd of his Error, he now conſider'd her Character and quallity; and accus'd himſelf of great indiſcretion; and as he was

he was ſitting the moſt dejected melancholly man on Earth, reflecting on his misfortune, the Poſt arriv'd with Letters from *Philander*, which he open'd and laying by that which was inclos'd for *Silvia* he read that from *Philander* to himſelf:

Philander *to* Octavio.

THere is no pain, my dear *Octavio*, either in Love or friendſhip like that of doubt; and I confeſs my ſelf guilty of giving it you in a great meaſure by my ſilence the laſt Poſt, but having buſineſs of ſo much greater concern to my heart than even writing to *Octavio*, I found my ſelf unable to purſue any other, and I believe you cou'd too with the leſs impatience bear with my neglect having

having affairs of the ſame nature there; our circumſtances and the buſineſs of our hearts then being ſo reſembling, methinks, I have as great an impatience to be recounting to you the ſtory of my Love and Fortune, as I am to receive that of yours, and to know what advances you have made in the heart of the ſtill charming *Silvia!* tho there will be this difference in the relations; mine, when ever I recount it, will give you a double ſatisfaction, firſt from the ſhare your friendſhip makes you have in all the pleaſures of *Philander*, and next that it excuſes *Silvia* if ſhe can be falſe to me, for *Octavio*; and ſtill advances his deſign on her heart: but yours, when ever I receive it, will give me a thouſand pains which 'tis however, but juſt I ſhould feel, ſince I was the firſt breaker of the ſolemn League and

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Covenant made between us: which yet I do by all that's ſacred with a regret, that makes me reflect with ſome repentance in all thoſe moments wherein I do not wholly give my ſoul up to Love, and the more beautiful *Caliſta*; yes more, becauſe new.

In my laſt, my dear *Octavio*, you left me purſuing, like a Knight Errant, a Beauty inchanted, within ſome inviſible Tree, or Caſtle, or Lake, or any thing inacceſſable; or rather wandering in a Dream after ſome glorious diſappearing fantom: and for ſome time indeed, I knew not whether I ſlept or wak'd, I ſaw daily the good old Count of *Clarinau*; to whom I durſt not ſo much as ask a civil queſtion towards the ſatisfaction of my ſoul; the Page was ſent into *Holland* (with ſome Expreſs to a Brother in Law of the Counts) of whom

whom before I had the intelligence of a fair young wife to the old Lord his Maſter, and for the reſt of the Servants they ſpoke all Spaniſh, and the devil a word we underſtood each other ſo that 'twas impoſſible to learn, any thing farther from them: and I found I was to owe all my good Fortune to my own induſtry, but how to ſet it a working, I cou'd not deviſe; at laſt it happen'd, that being walking in the Garden which had very high Walls on three ſides, and a large fine apartment on the other, I concluded, that 'twas in that part of the houſe, my fair new Conquereſs reſided, but how to be reſolv'd I cou'd not tell, nor which way the Windows lookt that were to give the light, forwards that part o'th' Garden there was none, at laſt I ſaw the good old Gentle-

man

man come trudging through the Garden fumbling out of his Pocket a Key, I ſtept into an Arbor to obſerve him, and ſaw him open a little door that led him into another Garden, and locking the door after him vaniſht; and obſerving how that ſide of the Apartment lay, I went into the ſtreet and after a large compaſs, found that which fac'd that Garden, which made the fore part of the Apartment. I made a ſtory of ſome occaſion I had for ſome upper rooms and went into many houſes, to find which fronted beſt the Apartment, and ſtill diſlik'd ſomething till I met with one ſo directly to it, that I cou'd, when I got a ſtory higher, look into the very Rooms, which only a delicate Garden parted from this by ſtreet: there 'twas I fixt, and learnt from a young Dutch woman that ſpoke good France,

that

that, that was the very place I lookt for; the Apartment of Madam, the Counteſs of *Clarinau*: She told me too, that every day after Dinner the old Gentleman came thither, and ſometimes a nights: and bewail'd the young Beauty, who had no better entertainment than what an old wither'd Spaniard of threeſcore and ten, cou'd give her: I found this young woman apt for my purpoſe, and having very well pleas'd her with my converſation, and ſome little preſents I made her, I left her in good humour, and reſolv'd to ſerve me on any deſign, and returning to my lodging I found old *Clarinau* return'd, as brisk and gay as if he had been careſt by ſo fair and young a Lady, which very thought made me rave, and I had abundance of pain to withold my rage from breaking out upon him,

ſo

ſo jealous and envious I was of what now I lov'd and deſir'd, a thouſand times more than ever; ſince the relation my new young female friend had given me: who had wit and beauty ſufficient to make her judgment impartial: however I contain'd my jealouſie with the hopes of a ſuddain revenge, for I fancy'd the buſineſs half accompliſht in my knowledg of her reſidence. I feign'd ſome buſineſs to the old Gentleman, that wou'd call me out of town for a week to conſult with ſome of our party, and taking my leave of him he offer'd me the Complement of Money, or what elſe I ſhould need in my affair, which at that time was not unwelcome to me, and being well furniſht for my enterpriſe. I took Horſe without a Page or Footman to attend me, becauſe I pretended my buſineſs

was

was a ſecret, and taking a turn about the Town in the Evening, I left my horſe without the gates and went to my ſecret new quarters, where my young Friend receceiv'd me with the joy of a Miſtreſs, and with whom indeed I cou'd not forbear entertaining my ſelf very well, which ingag'd her more to my ſervice, with the aid of my liberallity; but all this did not allay one ſpark of the fire kindled in my Soul for the lovely *Caliſta*; and I was impatient for Night, againſt which time I was preparing an Ingine to mount the Battlement, or ſo it was that divided the Garden from the Street, rather than a Wall: All things fitted to my purpoſe, I fixt my ſelf at the Window that lookt directly towards her Sashes; and had the ſatisfaction to ſee her leaning there, and look-

ing on a Fountain that ſtood in the midſt of the Garden, and caſt a thouſand little ſtreams into the Air, that made a melancholly noiſe in falling into a large Alablaſter Ciſtern beneath: Oh how my heart danc'd at the dear ſight, to all the tunes of Love; I had not power to ſtir or ſpeak, or to remove my eyes, but languisht on the window where I leant half dead with Joy and tranſport; for she appear'd more Charming to my view: undreſt and fit for Love! Oh, my *Octavio*, ſuch are the pangs which I believe thou felt at the approach of *Silvia*, ſo beats thy heart, ſo riſe thy ſighs, and Wishes; ſo trembling, and ſo pale at every view, as I was in this lucky Amorous moment! and thus I fed my Soul till Night came on, and left my Eyes no Object, but my heart,—a thou-

ſand

ſand dear Idea's: And now I ſally'd out, and with good ſucceſs, for with a long engine which reacht the top of the Wall I fixt the end of my Ladder there, and mounted it, and ſitting on the top brought my Lader eaſily up to me, and turn'd it over to the other ſide; and with abundance of eaſe deſcended into the Garden which was the fineſt I had ever ſeen; for now as good luck wou'd have it, who was deſign'd to favour me: The Moon begun to ſhine ſo bright as even to make me diſtinguish the Colours of the Flowers that dreſt all the Banks in ravishing order, but theſe were not the Beauty I came to poſſeſs, and my new thoughts of diſpoſing my ſelf and managing my matters, now took off all that admiration that was juſtly due to ſo delightful a place, which art

and Nature had agreed to render Charming to every ſenſe, thus much I conſider'd it, that there was nothing that did not invite to love; a thouſand pretty receſſes of Arbours, Grotts and little Artificial Groves; Fountains inviron'd with Beds of flowers and little Rivulets, to whoſe dear fragrant Banks, a wiſhing Amorous God wou'd make his ſoft retreat, after having ranged about rather to ſeek a Covert on occaſion, and to know the paſſes of the Garden, which might ſerve me in any Extreamity of ſurprize that might happen. I return'd to the fountain that fac'd *Caliſta's* Window; and leaning on its brink view'd the whole apartment, which appear'd very magnificent: Juſt againſt me I perceiv'd a Door that went into it; which while I was conſidering how

how to get open, I heard it unlock, and skulking behind the large Baſon of the Fountain, (yet ſo as to mark who came out) I ſaw to my unſpeakable tranſport the Fair, the Charming *Caliſta*, dreſs juſt as ſhe was at the Window, a looſe gown of Silver ſtuff lapt about her delicate Body, her Head in fine night Cloaths, and all careleſs as my Soul cou'd wiſh; ſhe came and with her the old Dragon; and I heard her ſay in coming out, —*This is too fine a Night to ſleep in: Prethee* Dormina *do not grudge me the pleaſure of it, ſince there are ſo very few, that entertain* Caliſta, This laſt ſhe ſpoke with a ſigh, and a languiſhment in her Voice, that ſhot new flames of Love into my panting heart, and trill'd through all my vains; while ſhe perſu'd her walk with the old Gentle-

woman; and ſtill I kept my ſelf at ſuch a diſtance, to have 'em in my ſight, but ſlid along the ſhady ſide of the walk where I cou'd not be eaſily ſeen, while they kept ſtill on the ſhiny part: She led me thus through all the Walks, through all the Maze of Love; and all the way I fed my greedy Eyes upon the melancholly Object of my raving deſire; her ſhape, her gate, her motion, every ſtep, and every movement of her hand and head, had a peculiar grace; a thouſand times I was tempted to approach her, and diſcover my ſelf, but I dreaded the fatal conſequence, the old Woman being by, nor knew I whether they did not expect the Husband there; I therefore with impatience waited when ſhe wou'd ſpeak, that by that I might make ſome diſcovery of my deſtiny

ſtiny that Night; and after having tir'd her ſelf a little with walking, ſhe ſate down on a fine ſeat of White Marble, that was plac'd at the end of a graſſie walk: And I only ſhadow'd with ſome tall Trees that rank'd themſelves behind it, 'gainſt one of which I lean'd: There for a quarter of an hour they ſate as ſilent as the Night, where only ſoft breath'd Winds were heard amongſt the bows, and ſofter ſighs from fair *Caliſta*; at laſt the old thing broke ſilence, who was almoſt a Sleep while she ſpoke. *Madam if you are weary, let us retire to Bed, and not ſit gazing here at the Moon*: *to bed*, reply'd *Caliſta*, *what ſhou'd I do there? marry ſleep*, quoth the old Gentlewoman, *what ſhou'd you do? Ah* Dormina (ſigh't *Caliſta*) *wou'd Age wou'd ſeize me too, for then perhaps I ſhou'd find*

at leaſt the Pleaſure of the Old: be dull and Lazy; Love to Eat and Sleep not, have my ſlumbers undiſturb'd with Dreams more inſupportable than my waking wiſhes; for reaſon, then ſuppreſſes riſing thoughts, and the impoſſibility of obtaining keeps the fond ſoul in order, but Sleep — Gives an unguarded looſe to ſoft deſire, it brings the lovely fantom to my view, and tempts me with a thouſand Charms to Love; I ſee a Face, a Myne, a Shape, a look! ſuch as Heaven never made or any thing, but fond imagination! Oh 'twas a wondrous Viſion! for my part, reply'd the old One, *I am ſuch a Heathen Chriſtian, Madam, as I do not believe there are any ſuch things as Viſions, or Ghoſts, or fantoms: But your head runs of a young man, becauſe you are married to an old one: ſuch an Idea as you fram'd in your wiſhes, poſſeſt*

your

your fancy, which was so strong (as indeed fancy will be sometimes,) that it perswaded you, 'twas a very fantom or Vision. Let it be fancy or Vision, or what ever else you can give a Name to, reply'd *Calista: still 'tis that, that never ceas'd since to torture me with a thousand pains, and prithee why* Dormina *is not fancy since, as powerful in me as it was before (fancy has not been since so kind; yet I have given it room for thought, which before I never did. I set whole hours and days, and fix my soul upon the lovely Figure, I know its stature to an Inch; tall and Divinely made, I saw his hair, long, Black, and Curling to his waist all loose and flowing, I saw his eyes where all the Cupids play'd, black, large, and sparkling, piercing, loveing, languishing. I saw his Lips sweet, dimpl'd, red, and soft, a youth compleating all, like early*

May; *that looks and ſmels, and cheers above the reſt: In fine, I ſaw him ſuch as nothing but the niceſt fancy can imagine, and nothing can deſcribe, I ſaw him ſuch as robs me of my reſt, as gives me all the raging pains of love (Love I believe it is) without the joy of any ſingle hope: Oh Madam* ſaid Dormina, *that Love will quickly die, which is not nurſt with hope, why, that's its only Food: Pray Heaven I find it ſo,* reply'd *Caliſta.* At that ſhe ſight as if her heart had broken, and lean'd her Arm upon a rail of the end of the Seat, and laid her lovely Cheek upon her hand, and ſo continu'd ſighing without ſpeaking: While I, who was not a little tranſported with what I heard with infinite pain, withheld my ſelf from kneeling at her Feet, and proſtrating before her that happy ſantom of which ſhe had

had ſpoke ſo favourably; but ſtill I fear'd my Fate: And to give any offence; while I was amidſt a thouſand thoughts conſidering which to purſue, I cou'd hear *Dormina* ſnoring as faſt as cou'd be, leaning at her eaſe on the other end of the Seat, ſupported by a white Marble rail, which *Caliſta* hearing alſo turn'd, and look't on her, then ſoftly roſe, and walk'd away to ſee how long ſhe wou'd ſleep there, if not wak'd! Judge now, my dear *Octavio*, whether Love and Fortune were not abſolutely ſubdu'd to my int'reſt, and it all things did not favour my deſign: The very thought of being alone with *Caliſta*; of making my ſelf known to her, of the oppertunity ſhe gave me by going from *Dormina* into a by Walk, the very joy of ten thouſand hopes, that fill'd my

Soul

Soul in that happy moment, which I fancy'd the moſt bleſt of my life, made me tremble all over, and with unaſſur'd ſteps, I ſoftly perſu'd the Object of my new deſire: Sometimes I even overtook her, and fearing to fright her, and cauſe her to make ſome noiſe that might alarm the ſleeping *Dormina*, I ſlackt my pace, till in a Walk, at the end of which ſhe was oblig'd to turn back, I remain'd; and ſuffer'd her to go on, 'twas a Walk of Graſs, broad and at the end of it a little Arbour of Greens; into which ſhe went and ſate down, looking towards me, and methought ſhe look't full at me; ſo that finding ſhe made no noiſe, I ſoftly approach'd the door of the Arbour, at a convenient diſtance, ſhe then ſtood up, in great amaze as ſhe after ſaid, and I kneeling down

in

in an humble poſture; cry'd,— Wonder not, oh Sacred Charmer of my Soul, to ſee me at your Feet; at this late hour, and in a place ſo inacceſſible, for what attempt is there ſo hazardous, deſpairing Lovers dare not undertake, and what impoſſibility almoſt, can they not overcome; remove your fears, oh Conquereſs of my Soul, for I am an humble Mortal that Adores you; I have a thouſand Wounds, a thouſand pains that proves me fleſh and Blood, if you wou'd hear my ſtory: Oh give me leave to approach you with that Awe, you do the ſacred Altars; for my Devotion is as pure as that which from your Charming Lips aſcends the Heavens: —— With ſuch Cant and ſtuff, as this, which Lovers ſerve themſelves with, on occaſion, I leſſen'd the terrors of the fright-

ed

ed Beauty, and ſhe ſoon ſaw with Joy in her Eyes, that I was both a mortal, and the ſame ſhe had before ſeen in the outward Garden : I roſe from my knees then, and with a Joy that wander'd all over my body, trembling and panting I approach'd her, and took her hand and kiſt it with a tranſport that was almoſt ready to lay me fainting at her Feet; nor did ſhe anſwer any thing to what I had ſaid, but with ſighs ſuffer'd her hand to remain in mine; her Eyes ſhe caſt to Earth, her Breaſt heav'd with nimble motions, and we both unable to ſupport our ſelves, ſate down together on a Green Bank in the Arbour, where by that Light we had, we gaz'd at each other unable to utter a ſyllable on either ſide. I confeſs, my dear *Octavio*, I have felt Love before, but do

not

not know, that ever I was poſſeſt with ſuch pleaſing pain, ſuch agreeable languiſhment in all my life, as in thoſe happy moments, with the fair *Caliſta*: And on the other, I dare anſwer for the ſoft Fair One; ſhe felt a paſſion as tender as mine; which, when ſhe cou'd recover her firſt tranſport, ſhe expreſt in ſuch a manner as has wholly Charm'd me: For with all the Eloquence of young Angels, and all their innocence too, ſhe ſaid, ſhe whiſper'd, ſhe ſigh't, the ſofteſt things that ever Lover heard: I told you before ſhe had from her infancy been bred in a Monaſtery, kept from the ſight of men, and knew no one art or ſubtilty of her Sex: But in the very purity of her innocence, ſhe appear'd like the firſt born Maid in Paradice, generouſly giving her Soul away to the great

Lord

Lord of all, the new form'd man, and nothing of her hearts dear thoughts did ſhe reſerve, (but ſuch as modeſt Nature ſhou'd conceal) yet, if I touch't but on that tender part where Honour dwelt; ſhe had a ſenſe to nice, as 'twas a Wonder, to find ſo vaſt a ſtore of that mixt with ſo ſoft a paſſion. Oh what an excellent thing a perfect Women is, e're man has taught her Arts to keep her Empire, by being himſelf inconſtant? all I cou'd ask of Love ſhe freely gave, and told me every ſentiment of her heart, but 'twas in ſuch a way; ſo innocently ſhe confeſt her paſſion that every word added new flames to mine, and made me raging mad; at laſt ſhe ſufferr'd me to kiſs, with caution; but one begat another,—that, a Number—And every one was an advance to happi-

neſs

neſs, and I, who knew my advantage, loſt no time, but put each Ninute to the propereſt uſe, now I imbrace, Claſp her Fair Lovely Body cloſe to mine, which nothing parted but her ſhift and Gown, my buſie hands find paſſage to her Breaſts, and give, and take a thouſand nameleſs Joys; all but the laſt, I reapt; that heaven was ſtill deny'd; tho she were fainting in my trembling Arms, ſtill she had watching ſenſe to guard that Treaſure: Yet in ſpight of all, a thouſand times I brought her to the very point of yielding, but oh she begs and pleads with all the Eloquence of love! tells me that what she had to give she gave, but wou'd not violate her Marriage Vow: No, not to ſave that life she found in danger with too much Love, and too extream deſire; she told me

that

that I had undone her quite, she ſight and wiſht, that ſhe had ſeen me ſooner, e're Fate had render'd her a Sacrifice to the imbraces of old *Clarinau*, she weept with Love, and anſwer'd with a ſob, to every Vow I made: thus by degrees she wrought me to undoing, and made me mad in Love: 'Twas thus we paſt the Night; we told the haſty hours and curſt their coming: we told from ten to three? and all that time ſeem'd but a little Minute: Nor wou'd I let her go, who was as loath to part, till she had given me leave to ſee her often there; I told her all my ſtory of her Conqueſt, and how I came into the Garden: She ask'd me pleaſantly if I were not afraid of old *Clarinau*, I told her no, of nothing but of his being happy with her, which thought I cou'd not

not bear; she assur'd me I had so little reason to envy him, that he rather deserv'd my compassion, for that her aversion was so extream to him; his person, years, his temper, and his diseases were so disagreeable to her, that she cou'd not dissemble her disgust, but gave him most evident proofs of it too frequently; ever since she had the misfortune of being his Wife; but that since she had seen the Charming *Philander*, (for so we must let her call him too) his Company and Conversation was wholly insupportable to her; and but that he had ever us'd to let her have four Nights in the Week her own, wherein he never disturb'd her repose, she shou'd have been dead with his nasty entertainment; She vow'd she never knew a soft desire, but for *Philander* she never had the least con-

concern for any of his Sex beſides, and till ſhe felt his touches — took in his kiſſes, and ſuffer'd his dear imbraces; ſhe never knew that Woman was ordain'd for any Joy with man, but fancy'd it deſign'd in its Creation for a poor Slave to be oppreſt at pleaſure by the Husband, dully to yield obedience and no more: But I had taught her now ſhe ſaid to her Eternal ruin, that there was more in Nature than ſhe knew, or ever ſhou'd, had ſhe not ſeen *Philander*; ſhe knew not what dear name to call it by, but ſomething in her Blood; ſomething that panted in her heart, glow'd in her Cheeks and languiſht in her looks, told her ſhe was not born for *Clarinau*; or love wou'd do her wrong: I ſooth'd the thought, and urg'd the Laws of Nature, the power

of

of Love, neceſſity of Youth,— And the Wonder that was yet behind, that raviſhing ſomthing, which not love or kiſſes cou'd make her gueſs at; ſo beyond all ſoft imagination that nothing but a tryal cou'd convince her; but she reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill I pleaded with all the ſubtilleſt Arguments of Love, words mixt with kiſſes; ſighing mixt with Vows, but all in vain, Religion was my Foe, and Tyrant Honour guarded all her Charms; thus did we paſs the Night till the young Morn advancing in the Eaſt forc'd us to bid adieu: Which oft we did, and oft we ſigh'd and kiſt, oft parted and return'd, and ſigh'd again, and as she went away, she weeping cry' —wringing my hand in hers, pray Heav'n *Philander*, this dear interview, do not prove fatal to me, for, oh, I find

find frail Nature weak about me, and one dear minute more wou'd forfeit all my Honour. At this she ſtarted from my trembling hand, and ſwipt the Walk like Wind ſo ſwift and ſuddain, and left me panting, ſighing, wishing, dying, with mighty Love and hope, and after a little time I ſcal'd my Wall, and return'd unſeen to my new Lodging. It was four days after, before I cou'd get any other happineſs but that of ſeeing her at her window which was juſt againſt mine from which I never ſtirr'd, hardly to eat or ſleep, and that she ſaw with joy, for every Morning I had a Billet from her; which we contriv'd that Happy Night shou'd be convey'd me thus—It was a By-Street where I lodg'd, and the other ſide was only the dead wall of her

Garden

Garden, where early in the morning she us'd to walk, and having the Billet ready, she put it with a Stone into a little Leathern purse, and toſt it over the wall, where either my ſelf from the Window or any young friend below waited for it, and that way every Morning and every Eveving she receiv'd one from me; but 'tis impoſſible to tell you the innocent Paſſion she expreſt in them, innocent in that there was no Art, no fain'd, nice folly to expreſs a Virtue that was not in the Soul; but all she ſpoke confeſt her hearts ſoft wishes. At laſt, (for I am teadious in a relation of what gave me ſo much pleaſure in the injoyment) at laſt, I ſay, I receiv'd the happy invitation to come into the Garden as before, and Night advancing for my purpoſe I need not ſay that I deliver'd

my

my ſelf upon the place appointed, which was by the Fountain ſide beneath her Chamber Window, towards which I caſt, you may believe, many a longing look: The Clock ſtruck ten, eleven, and then twelve, but no dear Star appear'd to conduct me to my happineſs, at laſt I heard the little Garden door (againſt the Fountain) open; and ſaw *Caliſta* there wrapt in her Night Gown only; I ran like Lightning to her Armes, with all the tranſports of an eager Lover, and almoſt ſmother'd my ſelf in her warm riſing Breaſt, for she taking me in her Arms. Let go her Gown, which falling open left nothing but her Shift, between me and all her Charming Body: But she bid me hear what she had to ſay before, I proceeded farther, she told me she was

forc'd

forc'd to wait till *Dormina* was a ſleep, who lay in her Chamber, and then ſtealing the Key ſhe came ſoftly down to let me in. *But*, ſaid ſhe, *ſince I amall undreſt, and cannot walk in the Garden with you, will you promiſe me on Love and Honour, to be obedient to all my Commands, if I carry you to my Chamber, for* Dormina's *ſleep are like death it ſelf; however leaſt ſhe chance to awake, and ſhou'd take an occaſion to ſpeak to me, 'twere abſolutely neceſſary, that I were there? for ſince I ſerv'd her ſuch a trick the other Night, and let her ſleep ſo long ſhe will not let me walk late.* A very little argument perſwaded me to yield to any thing to be with *Caliſta* any where; ſo that both returning ſoftly to her Chamber, ſhe put her ſelf into Bed, and left me kneeling on the Carpet: But

'twas not long that I remain'd so; from the dear touches of her hands and breast, we came to kisses, and so equally to a forgetfullness of all we had promis'd and agreed on before, and broke all Rules, and Articles, that were not in the Favour of Love; so that stripping my self by degrees, while she with an unwilling force made some feeble resistance, I got into the Arms of the most Charming Woman that ever Nature made; she was all over perfection: I dare not tell you more; let it suffice she was all that luxurious man cou'd wish, and all that renders woman fine and ravishing. About two hours thus was my Soul in rapture, while sometimes she reproacht me, but so gently, that 'twas to bid me still be false and perjur'd if these

were

were the effects of it; *if diſobedience have ſuch wonderous Charms; may I,* ſaid ſhe, *be ſtill Commanding thee, and thou ſtill diſobeying*: While thus we lay with equal raviſhment, we heard a murmuring noiſe at diſtance, which we knew not what to make of, but it grew ſtill louder and louder, but ſtill at diſtance too; this firſt Alarm'd us, and I was no ſooner perſwaded to riſe; but I heard a door unlock at the ſide of the Bed; which was not that by which I enter'd, for that was at the other end of the Chamber towards the Window. *Oh Heavens,* ſaid the fair frighted trembler, *here is the Count of* Clerinau: For he always came up that way, and thoſe Stairs by which I aſcended was the back ſtairs, ſo that I had juſt time to grope my way towards the door without

ſo much as taking my Cloaths with me; never was any Amorous adventurer in ſo lamentable a Condition, I wou'd fain have turn'd upon him, and at once have hinder'd him from entring, with my Sword in my hand, and ſecur'd him from ever diſturbing my pleaſure any more, but ſhe implor'd I wou'd not, and in this minutes diſpute he came ſo near me, that he toucht me, as I glided from him; but not being acquainted very well with the Chamber, having never ſeen my way, I lighted in my paſſage on *Dormina's* pallate Bed, and threw my ſelf quite over her, to the Chamber door, which made a damnable clattering, and a waking *Dormina* with my Cataſtrophe, ſhe ſet up ſuch a bawl as frighted, and Alarm'd the Old Count, who was juſt taking

king in a Candle from his Footman, who had lighted it at his Flamboy: So that hearing the noiſe, and knowing it muſt be ſome Body in the Chamber, he lets fall his Candle in the fright, and call'd his Footman in with the Flamboy, draws his Tolledo, which he had in his hand, and wrapt in his Night Gown; with three or four woollen Caps one upon the top of another, ty'd under his tawny Leathern Chops, he made a very pleaſant figure, and ſuch an one as had like to have betray'd me by laughing at it; he cloſely perſu'd me, tho' not ſo cloſe as to ſee me before him, yet ſo as not to give me time to aſcend the Wall, or to make my eſcape up or down any Walk, which were ſtraight and long, and not able to conceal any body from purſuers,

ſuers, approacht ſo near as the Count was to me: What ſhou'd I do? I was naked, unarm'd, and no defence againſt his jealous rage; and now in danger of my life, I knew not what to reſolve on; yet I ſwear to you *Octavio*, even in that minute (which I thought my laſt) I had no repentance of the dear ſin, or any other fear, but that which poſſeſt me for the fair *Caliſta*; and calling upon *Venus* and her Son for my ſafety (for I had ſcarce a thought yet of any other Deity) the Sea born Queen lent me immediate aid, and e're I was aware of it, I toucht the Fountain, and in the ſame minute threw my ſelf into the Water, which a mighty large Baſon or Ciſtern of white Marble contain'd, of a Compaſs, that forty men might have hid themſelves

in

in it, they had purſu'd me ſo hard, they fancy'd they heard me preſs the gravel near the Fountain, and with the Torch they ſearch'd round about it, and beat the fringing Flowers that grew pretty high about the bottom of it, while I ſometimes div'd, and ſometimes peept up to take a view of my buſie Coxcomb: Who had like to have made me burſt into laughture many times, to ſee his figure, the daſhing of the ſtream which continually fell from the little Pipes above, into the Baſon hinder'd him from hearing the noiſe I might poſſibly have made by my ſwiming in it; after he had ſurveyed it round without ſide, he took the Torch in his own hand, and ſurvey'd the Water it ſelf while I div'd, and ſo long forc'd to remain ſo, that I believ'd I had eſcapt his

Sword

Sword to dye that fooliſher way, but juſt as I was like to expire, he departed muttering, that he was ſure ſome body did go out before him, and now he ſearch every Walk and Arbour of the Garden, while like a Fiſh I lay basking in Element ſtill, not daring to adventure out leaſt his haſty return ſhou'd find me on the Wall, or in my paſſage over: I thank'd my Stars he had not found the Ladder, ſo that at laſt returning to *Caliſta's* Chamber, after finding no Body, he deſir'd (as I heard the next morning) to know what the matter was in her Chamber; but *Caliſta*, who till now never knew an Art, had before he came laid her Bed in order, and taken up my Cloaths, and put them between her Bed, and Quilt; not forgetting any one thing that belong'd to me, ſhe was laid as faſt a ſleep

as

as innocence it ſelf, ſo that *Clarinau* a waking her, ſhe ſeem'd as ſurpriz'd and ignorant of all, as if ſhe had indeed been innocent, ſo that *Dormina* now remain'd the only ſuſpected perſon, who being ask'd what ſhe cou'd ſay concerning that uproar ſhe made, ſhe only ſaid, as ſhe thought, that ſhe dream'd his Honour fell out of the Bed upon her, and a waking in a fright, ſhe found 'twas but a Dream, and ſo ſhe fell a ſleep again till he wak'd her, whom ſhe wonder'd to ſee there at that hour; he told 'em that while they were ſecurely ſleeping he was like to have been burn'd in his Bed, a piece of his apartment being burn'd down, which caus'd him to come thither; but he made them both Svvear that there vvas no body in the Chamber of *Caliſta*, be-

fore he vvou'd be undeceiv'd, for he vow'd he ſaw ſomething in the Garden, which to his thinking was all in White, and it vaniſht on the ſudden behind the Fountain, and we cou'd ſee no more of it. *Caliſta* diſſembl'd abundance of fear, and ſaid ſhe wou'd never walk out after candle light for fear of that Ghoſt, and ſo they paſt the reſt of the Night, while I all wet and cold got me to my Lodging unperceiv'd, for my young friend had left the door open for me.

Thus, dear *Octavio*, I have ſent you a Novel, inſtead of a Letter of my firſt moſt happy adventure, of which I muſt repeat thus much again, that of all the injoyments I ever had, I never was ſo perfectly well entertain'd for two hours, and I am waiting with infinite impatience a ſecond

cond Encounter. I ſhall be extreamly glad to hear what progreſs you have made in your Amour, for I have loſt all for *Silvia*, but the affection of a Brother with that Natural pity we have for thoſe we have undone; for my heart, my Soul, and Body are all *Caliſta*'s, the bright the young, the wity, the Gay, the fondly loveing *Caliſta*: Only ſome reſerve I have in all for *Octavio*, pardon this long Hiſtory for 'tis a ſort of acting all ones joys again to be telling 'em to a friend ſo dear as is the Gallant *Octavio* to

Philander.

POSTSCRIPT.

I ſhou'd for ſome reaſons that concern my ſafety have quitted this town before, but I am chain'd

chain'd to't, and have no ſenſe of danger while *Caliſta* compels my ſtay.

If *Octavio's* Trouble were great before from but his fear of *Caliſta's* yielding, what muſt it be now, when he found all his fears confirm'd, the preſſures of his Soul were too extream before, and the concern he had for *Silvia* had brought it to the higheſt tide of Grief; ſo that this addition o're whelm'd it quite, and left him no room for rage; no, it cou'd not diſcharge it ſelf ſo happily, but bow'd and yielded to all the extreams of Love, grief, and ſenſe of Honour? he threw himſelf upon his Bed, and lay without ſenſe or motion for a whole hour, confus'd with thought, and divided in his concern, half for a Miſtreſs falſe, and

half

half for a Sister loose and undone; by turns the Sister and the Mistress torture; by turns they break his heart, he had this comfort left before, that if *Calista* were undone, her ruin made way for his Love and happiness with *Silvia*, but now—he had no prospect left, that cou'd afford any ease, he changes from one sad Object to another, from *Silvia* to *Calista*, then back to *Silvia*, but like to feverish men, that toss about here and there, remove for some relief, he shifts but to new pain, where e're he turns he finds the mad man still, in this distraction of thought he remain'd till a Page from *Silvia*, brought him this Letter: Which in midst of all, he started from his Bed with excess of joy and read.

Silvia

Silvia *to* Octavio.

My Lord,

AFter your laſt affront by your Page, I believe it will ſurpriſe you to receive any thing from *Silvia* but ſcorn and diſdain: But, my Lo d, the int'reſt you have by a thouſand ways been ſo long making in my heart, cannot ſo ſoon be cancell'd by a minutes offence, and every Action of your life has been too generous to make me think you writ what I have receiv'd, at leaſt you are not well in your ſenſes; I have committed a fault againſt your Love, I muſt confeſs, and am not aſham'd of the little cheat I put upon you in bringing you to bed to *Antonett* inſtead of *Silvia*: I was aſham'd

to

to be ſo eaſily won, and took it ill, your paſſion was ſo mercenary, to ask ſo courſely for the poſſeſſion of me; too great a pay I thought for ſo poor ſervice, as rendering up a Letter, which in Honour you ought before to have ſhew'd me: I own I gave you hope, in that too I was Criminal, but theſe are faults that ſure deſerv'd a kinder puniſhment than what I laſt receiv'd —— A Whore —— A Common Miſtreſs! Death you are a Coward —— And even to a Woman dare not ſay it; when ſhe confronts the Scandaller, —— Yet pardon me, I meant not to revile, but gently to reproach, it was unkind —— At leaſt allow me that, and much unlike *Octavio*.

I think I had not troubl'd you, my Lord, with the leaſt confeſſion of my reſentment, but I cou'd

cou'd not leave the Town, where for the Honour of your Converſation and friendſhip alone I have remain'd ſo long without acquitting my ſelf of thoſe Obligations I had to you. I ſend you therefore the key of my Cloſet and Cabinet, where you ſhall find, not only your Letters, but all thoſe preſents you have been pleas'd once to think me worthy of: But having taken back your friendſhip, I render you the leſs valluable trifles, and will retain no more of *Octavio* than the dear memory of that part of his Life that was ſo agreeable to the

Unfortunate Silvia.

He finiſht this Letter reading with Tears of tender Love; but conſidering it all over he fancy'd ſhe

ſhe had put great Conſtraint upon her natural high Spirit, to write in this Calm manner to him, and through all he found diſſembl'd rage, which yet was viſible in that one breaking out in the middle of the Letter: He found ſhe was not able to contain at the Word common Miſtreſs, in fine how ever Calm it was, and however deſign'd, he found at leaſt, he thought he found, the Charming Jilt all over; he fancies from the hint ſhe gave him of the change of *Antonett* for her ſelf in Bed, that it was ſome new cheat that was to be put upon him, and to bring her ſelf off with Credit: Yet in ſpight of all this appearing reaſon, he wiſhes, and has a ſecret hope that either ſhe is not in fault, or that ſhe will ſo cozen him into a belief ſhe is not, that it may ſerve as wel

to ſooth his willing heart; and now all he fears is, that ſhe will not put ſo neat a Cheat upon him, but that he ſhall be able to ſee through it, and ſtill be oblig'd to retain his ill Opinion of her: But love return'd, ſhe had rous'd the flame a new; and ſoften'd all his rougher thoughts with this dear Letter, and now in haſte he calls for his Cloaths, and ſuffering himſelf to be dreſt with all the advantage of his Sex, he throws himſelf into his Coach, and goes to *Silvia*, whom he finds juſt dreſt *en Chavalier*, (and ſetting her Hat and Feather in good order, before the Glaſs) with a deſign to depart the town, at leaſt ſo far as ſhou'd have rais'd a concern in *Octavio*, if yet he had any for her, to have follow'd her; he ran up without asking leave into her Chamber,

and

and e're ſhe was aware of him, threw himſelf at her Feet, and claſping her knees, to which he fixt his mouth, he remain'd there for a little ſpace without life or motion, and preſt her in his Arms as faſt as a dying man. She was not offended to ſee him there, and he appear'd more lovely than ever he yet had been. His grief had added a languiſhment and paleneſs to his Face; which ſufficiently told her he had not been at eaſe while abſent from her; and on the other ſide *Silvia* appear'd ten thouſand times more Charming than ever; that dreſs of a Boy adding extreamly to her Beauty, *Oh you are a pretty Lover,* ſaid ſhe, raiſing him from her knees to her Arms, *to treat a Miſtreſs ſo for a little innocent raillery.—Come ſit and tell me how you came to diſcover the harmleſs*

harmleſs cheat; ſetting him down on the ſide of her Bed: *Oh name it no more cry'd he, let that damn'd Night be blotted from the year, deceive me, flatter me, ſay you are innocent, tell me my ſenſes rave, my Eyes were falſe, deceitful, and my Ears were deaf: Say any thing that may convince my madneſs, and bring me back to tame adoring Love. What means* Octavio, reply'd *Silvia, ſure he is not ſo nice and ſquemiſh a Lover, but a fair young Maid might have been welcome to him coming ſo prepar'd for Love; tho it was not ſhe whom he expected; it might have ſerv'd as well i'th' dark at leaſt. Well ſaid,* reply'd *Octavio* forcing a ſmile—*advance, purſue the dear deſign, and cheat me ſtill, and to convince my Soul, oh ſwear it too, for Women want no weapons of defence, Oaths, Vows, and Tears, ſighs,*

ſighs, imprecations, ravings, are all the tools to faſhion mankind Cox-combs. I am an eaſie fellow fit for uſe, and long to be initiated Fool, come ſwear I was not here the other Night. 'Tis granted Sir you were, Why all this paſſion? This *Silvia* ſpoke and took him by the hand, which burnt with raging Fire; and tho he ſpoke with all the heat of Love, his looks were ſoft the while as infant Cupids, ſtill he proceeded, *Oh Charming* Silvia, *ſince you are ſo unkind to tell me truth, ceaſe, ceaſe to ſpeak at all, and let me only gaze upon thoſe Eyes that can ſo well deceive: Their looks are innocent, at leaſt they'le flatter me, and tell mine that they loſt their faculties that other Night: No,* reply'd *Silvia, I am convinc'd they did not, you ſaw* Antonett—— *Conduct a happy man* (interpreted he) *to* Silvia's

via's *Bed, oh why by your confeſſion muſt my Soul be tortur'd o're a new!* at this he hung his heap upon his Boſom, and ſight, as if each breath wou'd be his laſt. *Heavens!* cry'd *Silvia, what is't* Octavio *ſays, Conduct a happy Lover to my Bed; by all that's Sacred I'm abus'd, deſign'd upon to be betray'd and loſt; what ſaid you Sir, a Lover to my Bed!* When he reply'd in a fainting tone, claſping her to his Arms, *now* Silvia, *you are kind, be perfect Woman, and keep to couzening ſtill — Now back it with a very little Oath, and I am as well as e're I ſaw your falſhood, and ne're will loſe one thought upon it more. Forbear,* ſaid ſhe, *you'le make me angry: In ſhort what is it you wou'd ſay, or ſwear you rave, and then I'le pity what I now deſpiſe, if you can think me falſe.* He only anſwer'd with a ſigh,

ſigh, and ſhe purſu'd, *am I not worth an anſwer; tell me your Soul and thoughts, as e're you hope for favour from my Love, or to preſerve my quiet. If you will promiſe me to ſay 'tis falſe,* reply'd he ſoftly, *I will confeſs the Errors of my ſenſes. I came the other Night at twelve, the door was open*—*'Tis true,* ſaid *Silvia*—*At the Stairs Foot I found a man, and ſaw him led to you, into your Chamber; ſighing as he went, and panting with impatience*: Now Silvia *if you value my Repoſe, my life, my Reputation, or my ſervices, turn it off handſomly and I'm happy*: At that being wholly amaz'd, ſhe told him the whole ſtory, as you heard, of her dreſſing *Antonett*, and bringing him to her, at which he ſmil'd, and beg'd her to go on——She fetch the pieces of *Briljards* counterfeit Letters, and ſhew'd him;

this brought him a little to his his Wits; and at first sight he was ready to fancy the Letters came indeed from him, he found the Character his, but not the business: And in great amaze reply'd, *Ah Madam, did you know* Octavio's *Soul so well, and cou'd you imagine it capable of a thought like this? A presumption so dareing to the most awful of her Sex: This was unkind indeed: And did you answer 'em? Yes,* reply'd she, *with all kindness I cou'd force my Pen to express*: So that after canvasing the matter, and relating the whole story again with his being taken ill, they concluded from every Circumstance *Briljard* was the man; for *Antonett* was call'd to Councel, who now recollecting all things in her mind, and knowing *Briljard* but too well; she confest she verily believ'd it was he

he, especially when she told how she stole a Letter of *Octavio's* for him that day, and how he was ill of the same disease still *Octavio* then call'd his Page, and sent him home for the Note *Briljard* had sent him, and all appear'd as clear as day: But *Antonett* met with a great many reproaches for shewing her Ladies Letters, which she excus'd as well as she cou'd: But never man was so ravisht with joy as *Octavio* was at the knowledge of *Silvia's* innocence; a thousand times he kneel'd and beg'd her Pardon, and her figure incouraging his Caresses; a thousand times he imbrac'd her, he smil'd, and blusht, and sight with Love and Joy, and knew not how to express it most effectually: And *Silvia*, who had other business than Love in her heart and head, suffer'd all the

marks of his eager paſſion and tranſport, out of deſign, for ſhe had a farther uſe to make of *Octavio*; tho when ſhe ſurvey'd his perſon handſom, young, and adorn'd with all the Graces and Beauties of his Sex; not at all inferior to *Philander*, if not exceeding in every Judgement but that of *Silvia*; when ſhe conſider'd his Soul, where Wit, Love and Honour equally reign'd, when ſhe conſults the excellence of his Nature, his Generoſity, Courage, Friendſhip, and ſoftneſs, she ſigh and cry'd, 'twas pity to impoſe upon him; and make his Love, for which she shou'd eſteem him, a property to draw him to his ruin, for ſo ſhe fancy'd it muſt be if ever he incounter'd *Philander*; and tho good Nature was the leaſt ingredient that form'd the Soul of this fair Charmer,

mer, yet now she found she had a mixture of it, from her concern for *Octavio*; and that generous Lover made her so many soft Vows, and tender protestations of the respect, and awfulness of his passion, that she was wholly convinc'd he was her Slave, nor cou'd she see the constant Languisher pouring out his Soul and fortune at her feet, without suffering some warmth about her heart, which she had never felt, but for *Philander*; and this day she expres't her self more obligeingly than ever she had done: And allows him little freedoms of approaching her with more softness than hitherto she had; and absolutely Charm'd, he promises lavishly and without reserve, all she wou'd ask of him; and in requital she assur'd him all he cou'd wish or hope, if he

wou'd ſerve her in her revenge againſt *Philander*: She recounts to him at large the ſtory of her undoing, her quality, her Fortune, her nice education, the care and tenderneſs of her Noble Parents, and charges all her Fate to the evil Conduct of her heedleſs youth: Sometimes the reflection on her ruin, ſhe looking back upon her former innocence and tranquillity, forces the Tears to flow from her fair Eyes, and makes *Octavio* ſigh and weep by ſimpathy: Sometimes (arriv'd at the Amorous part of her relation, ſhe wou'd ſigh and languiſh with the remembrance of paſt Joys, in their beginning love;) and ſometimes ſmile at the little unlucky adventures they met with, and their eſcapes: ſo that different paſſions ſeiz'd her Soul while ſhe ſpoke, while that of all love

fill'd

fill'd *Octavio's*: He doats, he burns, and every word ſhe utters inflames him ſtill the more; he fixes his very Soul upon her Tongue, and darts his very Eyes into her face, and every thing ſhe ſays raiſes his vaſt eſteem and paſſion higher: In fine, having with the Eloquence of ſacred Wit, and all the Charms of every differing Paſſion finiſht her moving tale, they both declin'd their Eyes, whoſe falling ſhowers kept equal time and pace, and for a little time were ſtill as thought: When *Octavio*, oppreſt with mighty Love! broke the ſoft ſilence, and burſt into extravagance of paſſion, ſays all that men (grown mad with love and wiſhing) cou'd utter to the Idol of the heart; and to oblige her more recounts his Life in ſhort; where in, in ſpight of all his modeſty,

ſhe

ſhe found all that was great and brave; all that was Noble, Fortunate, and Honeſt: And having now confirm'd her, he deſerv'd her, kneeling implor'd ſhe wou'd accept of him . not as a Lover for a Term of paſſion, for dates of Months or years, but for a long Eternity; not as a rifler of her Sacred Honour, but to defend it from the ſenſuring World; he vow'd he wou'd forget that ever any part of it was loſt, nor by a look or Action e're upbraid her with a misfortune paſt, but ſtill look forward, on Nobler joys to come: And now implores that he may bring a Prieſt to tie the Solemn knot: In ſpight of all her Love for *Philander*, ſhe cou'd not chuſe but take this offer kindly, and indeed it made a very great impreſſion on her heart, ſhe knew nothing but the height of Love

cou'd

cou'd oblige a man of his quality, and vaſt fortune, with all the advantages of youth and Beauty, to marry her in ſo ill Circumſtances; and paying him firſt thoſe acknowledgments that were due on ſo great an occaſion, with all the tenderneſs in her Voice and Eyes that ſhe cou'd put on; ſhe excus'd her ſelf from receiving the Favour, by telling him ſhe was ſo unfortunate as to be with Child by the ungrateful man: And falling at that thought into new Tears, ſhe mov'd him to infinite Love; and infinite compaſſion; in ſo much that wholly abandoning himſelf to ſoftneſs, he aſſur'd her, if ſhe wou'd ſecure him all his happineſs by marrying him now, that he wou'd wait till ſhe were brought to Bed, before he wou'd demand the glorious recompence

he aſpir'd to; ſo that *Silvia* being oppreſt with Obligation, finding yet in her Soul a violent paſſion for *Philander*, ſhe knew not how to take, or how to refuſe the Bleſſing offer'd, ſince *Octavio* was a man, whom in her height of innocence and youth ſhe might have been vain and proud of ingaging to this degree: He ſaw her pain and irreſolution, and being abſolutely undone with love, delivers her *Philanders* laſt Letter to him, with what he had ſent her inclos'd; the ſight of the very outſide of it made her grow pale as Death; and a feebleneſs ſeiz'd her all over that made her unable for a moment to open it; all which, confuſion *Octavio* ſaw with pain; which ſhe perceiving recollected her thoughts as well as ſhe cou'd, and open'd it and read it; that

to

Octavio first, as being fondest of the continuation of the History of his falshood, she read, and often paus'd to recover her Spirits that were fainting at every period; and having finisht it, she fell down on the Bed, where they sate; *Octavio* caught her in her fall in his Arms, where she remain'd dead some moments; While he, just on the point of being so himself, ravingly call'd for help, and *Antonett* being in the dressing Room ran to 'em, and by degrees *Silvia* recover'd, and ask'd *Octavio* a thousand pardons for exposing a weakness to him, which was but the effects of the last blaze of Love: And taking a Cordial which *Antonett* brought her, she rous'd, resolv'd, and took *Octavio* by the hand; *Now*, said she, *shew your self that generous Lover you have profest, and*

give me your Vows of revenge on Philander, *and after that, by all that's Holy*, kneeling as she spoke, and holding him fast, *by all my injur'd innocence, by all my Noble Fathers wrong, and my dear Mothers grief; by all my Sisters sufferings; I swear! I le marry you, love you, and give you all!* this she spoke without considering *Antonett* was by, and spoke it with all the rage and blushes in her Face, that injur'd Love and revenge cou'd inspire: And on the other side, the sense of his Sisters Honour lost, and that of the tender passion he had for *Silvia*, made him swear by all that was sacred, and by all the Vows of Eternal Love and Honour he had made to *Silvia*, to go and revenge himself and her on the false Friend and Lover; and contest the second motive

tive; which was his Siſters Fame, *For*, cry'd he, *that foul Adultreſs, that falſe* Caliſta, *is ſo allyed to me*: But ſtill he urg'd that wou'd add to the juſtneſs of his cauſe, if he might depart her Husband as well as Lover; and revenge an Injur'd wife as well as Siſter; and now he cou'd ask nothing, ſhe did not eaſily grant; and becauſe 'twas late in the day they conclude that the Morning ſhall conſumate all his deſires: And now ſhe gives him her Letter to read, *For* ſaid she, *I ſhall eſteem my ſelf henceforth ſo abſolutely* Octavio's, *that I will not ſo much as read a Line from that perjur'd ruiner of my Honour*, he took the Letter with ſmiles and bows of gratitude, and read it:

Thilander,

Philander *to* Silvia:

THere are a thouſand reaſons, deareſt *Silvia*, at this time that prevents my writing to you, reaſons that will be convincing enough to oblige my pardon; and plead my Cauſe with her, that Loves me, all which I will lay before you, when I have the happineſs to ſee you; I have met with ſome affairs ſince my arival to this place, that wholly takes up my time, affairs of ſtate whoſe fatigues have put my heart extreamly out of Tune, and if not carefully manag'd may turn tomy perpetual ruin, ſo that I have not an hour in a day to ſpare for *Silvia*; which believe me is the greateſt affliction of my Life; and I have no

proſpect

proſpect of Eaſe in the endleſs toyls of Life, but that of repoſing in the Arms of *Silvia*: Some ſhort intervals: Pardon my haſt, for you cannot gueſs the weighty buſineſs that at preſent, robs you of

Your Philander.

You lie, falſe Villain— reply'd *Silvia* in mighty rage; *I can gueſs your buſineſs, and can revenge it too, curſe on thee Slave; to think me grown as poor in ſenſe, as Honour: To be cajol'd with this*— *Stuff that wou'd never ſham a Chamber Maid: Death am I ſo forlorn, ſo deſpicable, I am not worth the pains of being well diſſembl'd with. Confuſion overtake him; miſery ſeize him, may I become his plague, while life remains,*

or publique tortures end him : This with all the madneſs that ever inſpir'd a Lunatick, ſhe utter'd with Tears and Violent Actions: When *Octavio* beſought her not to afflict her ſelf, and almoſt wiſht he did not love a temper ſo contrary to his own: He told her he was ſorry, extreamly ſorry, to find ſhe ſtill retain'd ſo violent a paſſion for a man unworthy of her leaſt concern, when ſhe reply'd —— *Do not miſtake my ſoul, by Heav'n 'tis Pride, diſdain, deſpight and hate —— to think he ſhou'd believe this dull excuſe cou'd paſs upon my judgment, had the falſe Traytor told me that he hated me, or that his faithleſs date of Love was out, I had been tame with all my injuries, but poorly thus to impoſe upon my Wit —— By Heav'n he ſhall not bear the affront to Hell in Triumph! no more* —

more —— I've vow'd he ſhall not, — My Soul has fixt, and now will be at eaſe. — Forgive me, oh *Octavio*, and letting her ſelf fall into his Arms, ſhe ſoon obtain'd what ſhe ask'd for, one touch of the fair Charmer cou'd calm him into Love, and ſoftneſs.

Thus after a thouſand tranſports of paſſion on his ſide, and all the ſeeming tenderneſs on hers the Night being far advanc'd, and new Confirmations given and taken on either ſide of purſuing the happy Agreement in the Morning, which they had again reſolv'd, they appointed that *Silvia* and *Antonett* ſhou'd go three Miles out of Town to a little Village, where there was a Church, and that *Octavio* ſhou'd meet 'em there to be Confirm'd and ſecur'd of all the happineſs

he

he propos'd to himself in this World ——- *Silvia*, being so wholly bent upon revenge (for the accomplishment of which alone, she accepted of *Octavio*,) that she had lost all remembrance of her former Marriage, with *Briljard*: Or if it ever enter'd into her thought 'twas only consider'd as a sham, nothing design'd but to secure her from being taken from *Philander* by her Parents: And, without any respect to the Sacred tie, to be regarded no more; nor did she design this with *Octavio* from any respect she had to the Holy State of Matrimony, but from a Lust of Vengeance which she wou'd buy at any price; and which she found no Man so well able to satisfie as *Octavio*.

But what wretched changes of

of Fortune she met with after this, and a miserable Portion of Fate was destin'd to this unhappy Wanderer; the last Part, of *Philanders* Life, and the Third and Last Part of this History, shall most Faithfully relate.

The End of the Second Part.